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THE REVIEW AT LONG BRANCH.

The review of the New Jersey Militia by Governor **Ward**, on the 26th of July, was not an ordinary parade. The occasion made the day one of very great interest to the whole State. Long Branch was thronged with the beauty and fashion of New Jersey. It was also announced that General **Meade**, who has been spending a few days at this popular place of summer resort, would honor the troops with his presence and criticisms. But owing to other engagements General **Meade** was not present. For several days Major-General **Runyon**'s Brigade of New Jersey Militia have been enjoying at Long Branch their annual encampment. The encampment is pleasantly located a short distance from the beach, and presents a clean, neat, and most creditable appearance. The officers preserve excellent discipline, and drill their men regularly. We did not hear a complaint made by any of the citizens of the conduct of the men. The men look brown and sun-burnt, but, notwithstanding their exposure to the sun and their hard drills, seem to enjoy the sport very much. The encampment is visited daily by the ladies stopping at the Branch, and the dress parades in the evening have become an attractive feature in the daily programme. Two good brass bands belong to the Brigade, and contribute greatly to the entertainment of visitors.

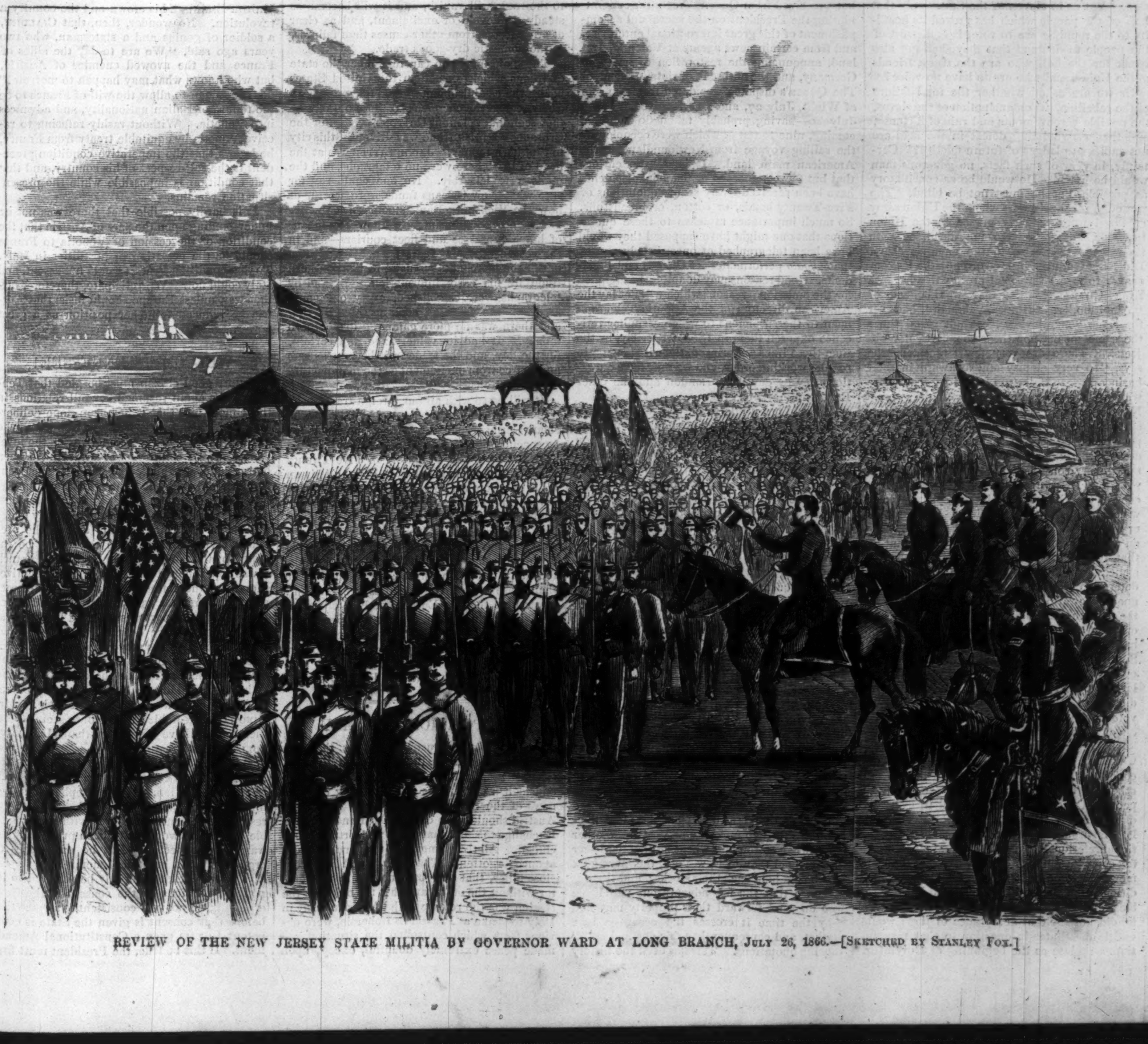
At 5 o'clock the line was formed facing the hotel. At this time the square and the streets were packed with eager sight-seers, while the front of the hotel, and every available window and balcony in the vicinity, were occupied by bright and smiling ladies. General **Runyon** took command of the parade immediately, and exercised the men slightly in the manual of arms. Governor **Ward** shortly arrived upon the ground with his brilliant staff, and was received with regulation honors. The Governor and the General, accompanied by the officers of their respective staffs, rode up and down the line, expressing great satisfaction with the appearance of the troops. The Brigade then marched past the Governor in review, with company front. Their marching was excellent; but the First and Second Regiments divided the honors for steady marching and neat and soldierly appearance. The Brigade marched past a second time at "route step" and "right shoulder shift," after which the line was again formed. After a little more exercising in the manual of arms the troops were marched back to camp. The Brigade consists of the First Regiment, of Newark, Lieutenant-Colonel M. B. **Provost** commanding; the Second Regiment, of Newark, Colonel **Joseph W. Plume** commanding; the Third Regiment, Colônel **Uriah De Hart** commanding; First Battalion, Major D. D. **Buchanan** commanding; Second Battalion, Major A. B. **M'Keon** commanding; the Newark City Battery (two brass 12-pounders), Captain **Matthew Waters** commanding, and Captain W. F. **Gird**'s company of Newark City Cavalry. The review was admirably conducted throughout; the Brigade looked admirably, and showed a degree of proficiency highly creditable to all concerned.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

During the Crimean War, and more especially in the war in Italy in 1859, "arms of precision"—that is, guns that would carry a projectile far and carry it sure—were the great desideratum. In both these struggles attention was particularly given to having cannon of far and accurate range; the French and English infantry were armed with rifles, and though these were all muzzle-loaders, and were mainly valued for picking off sentries and in rifle-pit practice, they were found to be a most efficient weapon in the hands of the bulk of the army. The possession of Lancaster and other guns of long range gave the English the advantage over the Russians in the contest before Sebastopol; but it was reserved for the campaign in Italy in 1859 to demonstrate the vast superiority of rifled cannon over the old smooth-bore pieces then still in use in the Austrian army. The French *cannon rayés* largely contributed to winning the battle of Solferino, and showed that "arms of precision" conferred an enormous advantage upon troops so armed over opponents who had adhered to obsolete patterns.

That was one great step in the practice of war. But another, equally if not more important, has since been introduced, namely, the construction of breech-loading cannons as well as breech-loading rifles. At Solferino it was the greater rapidity as much as the higher range of the French cannon which told upon the Austrians; and through the whole of the battles in Bohemia it has been the rapid fire of the needle-gun which has enabled the Prussians to conquer. The Prussians do not appear to have displayed in any marked manner superior generalship, greater bravery, or better discipline than the Austrians. They won battle after battle chiefly because they outnumbered the Austrians, but no small measure of their success is to be attributed to their possession of the needle-gun. It is doubtful whether the Prussian needle-gun is at all superior to our Spencer repeating-rifle. But if we are to judge from our experience with the latter, these breech-loading rifles are chiefly available on the skirmish line. It is frequently the case in a great battle that, from one cause or another, their superiority is of no avail. This was the case at the battle of Sadowa. It is very doubtful whether the needle-gun of the Prussians was any very great advantage—the battle was won, we think, not on account of better rifles, but by reason of greater numbers and superior strategy.

The latest story about the needle-gun and the



REVIEW OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE MILITIA BY GOVERNOR WARD AT LONG BRANCH, July 26, 1866.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

furore it is exciting in Paris is told by the correspondent of the *Star:* "The Prince Imperial asked his father to explain the difference between the needle-gun and the ordinary fire-arm to him. Wishing to give example to theoretical demonstration, the Emperor went down to the court of the Tuileries, and calling the sentinel said to him, 'Mon brave, load and fire to amuse these children,' the children being the young Prince and l'Espinasse. Meanwhile his Majesty, who had a needle-gun in his hand, loaded and fired five times before the private had fired his single shot. The soldier was amazed. 'Hein,' said the Emperor, 'it's quicker work with this gun than with yours; would you like to have one?' 'Certainly, Sire.' 'Then so you shall,' answered the Emperor."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

POP-GUNS SPIKED.

THOSE who think that when the late insurgents laid down their arms all our dangers and difficulties ended, if we would only consent to see it so, and who denounce Congress as maliciously or stupidly delaying reunion because it thought that in the gravest political crisis we have ever known it was not unwise to act only upon patient reflection, constantly repeat certain questions as if they were conclusive arguments.

Thus, speaking of those who have been foiled in their effort to destroy the Government, it is asked whether, by excluding them from a share in it, we expect to make them any more friendly to it? Certainly not; nor is there any wish to exclude them. But the very terms of the objection imply that they are not now well-disposed toward it. Is it, then, unwise to take reasonable, and only reasonable, security against acknowledged evil dispositions?

Or it is said that they are now as fit as they ever will be to resume their relations in the Union. Is it, then, unkind to the country to make that resumption as harmless as possible?

Or it is asked whether we admit "that the people of the United States are deficient in either the wisdom or the virtue necessary to continue the existence of the republic?" No more than Mr. Seward, who asks the question. But as in eleven of the States only that half of the people which has proved its hostility to the republic are to vote, is it distrust of the people to demand that they shall not also speak for the half who are the truest friends of the Union, and who are to have no voice?

Or we are asked whether the total failure of the rebellion, the emancipation of the slaves, the terrible bereavements and ruin of fortunes, and the overwhelming defeat in the field are not sufficient pledges of future fidelity? Certainly, in view of such facts, no generous man would be harsh. He would be as conciliatory as possible, but he must not be blind. The wounded rebel prisoners whom the Union army captured were tenderly nursed in the Union hospitals, but they were not dismissed with their arms to return to the enemy's camp. Did King George the Third any the less endeavor to assert the royal prerogative because King Charles the First was beheaded? "Ambition," says Burke, "though it has ever the same general views, has not at all times the same means nor the same particular objects......There are very few statesmen," he says, "so very clumsy and awkward in their business as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." Now the opinions and purposes of the late insurgents have not changed. We do not expect them, indeed, to renew the rebellion to destroy the Union; but we do expect, and so must every sensible man, that, in conjunction with the Democratic party, they will try to control the Government in the spirit of caste which produced the rebellion. Is it unkind or ungenerous to insist that they shall not have an unfair advantage in the contest? Granting that it is good policy under all the circumstances to allow every late insurgent State to determine who of its citizens shall vote, does good policy also require that if it excludes from the polls thousands of tried friends of the Government those friends shall be counted in the basis of national representation? Because the South Carolina planter has been ruined by his own rebellion, and because it is good policy to let by-gones be by-gones, is it, therefore, vindictive to insist that he shall not throw two votes for every one cast by the farmer of Illinois or New Hampshire?

Or we are asked whether it is honorable, when the insurgent States have accepted the conditions originally proposed, to insist upon others? But when until now have the loyal people of the Union represented in Congress offered any terms upon accepting which the late insurgent States might resume their national relations? The President, indeed, without consultation with Congress, during the summer and autumn of 1865, mentioned certain conditions which he said he considered indispensable preliminaries to such resumption. But even he did not say that acceptance of them would entitle the States in question to that resumption. So late as the beginning of November, 1865, he telegraphed through Mr. Seward to Governor Perry of South Carolina that "it is impossible to anticipate events." His opinion of what it might be necessary for a State to do could not possibly bind Congress. He did not suffer it to bind himself. And if later these expressions of opinion were called a policy, and the President assumed that, having done what he suggested, the States were entitled to representation, the situation was not in the least changed. The honor of the country could not be engaged until Congress approved his opinions and authorized his terms. If the late insurgents thought it was, they were plainly mistaken, and their error could not bind the country to its peril.

Again we are asked whether it is constitutional or just to govern States without representation? But this objection is an intentional sophism. Was not the legislation of Congress during the war constitutionally and justly binding upon the States which were not represented? May a State by refusing to be represented absolve itself from the supremacy of national law? And if a State withdraws its representation for the purpose of destroying the Government, may not the people of the States that remain loyal and save the Government rightfully determine upon what terms, consistent with a republican government, that representation may be resumed? Moreover, what is the force of this objection, urged as it is, for instance, by Governor Orr of South Carolina, a State which deprives half its adult male population of representation?

If the war were an exhilarating little tournament, which, being ended, the knights ride jingling home to dinner, prudence and reflection are plainly impertinent. But if it were a serious and radical conflict of principles and tendencies which, whatever the result of war, still remain because they are rooted in human nature, then to insist that every thing is settled by a surrender of arms is simply in turn to surrender common-sense.

FINANCIAL ASPECT OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THE Atlantic Telegraph is once more a success. At the hour we write, dispatches have been received from Queen Victoria, congratulating the President on the successful accomplishment of this great international enterprise, and from certain news agents at Valentia, Ireland, announcing the restoration of peace in Germany, and the outbreak of riots in London. The Queen's dispatch was dated from the Isle of Wight, July 27, and was received here on July 30—having probably taken 60 hours in coming, nine to ten of which were occupied by the sailing voyage from Newfoundland to the American main land. It is a little curious that but few commercial or financial dispatches have been received—very scanty quotations of Five-Twenty bonds, or cotton, or breadstuffs. So much importance attaches to these quotations that one might have supposed they would have been telegraphed at once, in advance of the *obligato* performances of Queens and Presidents. Good reasons may doubtless be assigned for the omission; reasons which will not lay the American directors of the Atlantic Telegraph open to the suspicions to which a similar reticence exposed them in 1858. Possibly, by the time these lines are printed, the wire may be in regular working order, and we may have quotations day by day from London and the other European markets.

It would be as idle to descant upon the advantages of the Telegraph, should it prove a practical success, as to commend the operation of the mariner's compass or to applaud the multiplication table. All will admit that it is an advantage to shorten communication between the two worlds from ten days to ten minutes. But while every body concedes the vast importance and substantial glory of the achievement with which the name of Cyrus Field will always be connected, people do not so generally realize how the Telegraph is going to affect business. And it may, perhaps, be worth while to show that its effect, in the main, will be to deprive our trade with Europe of its speculative character, and to establish it on as safe and as certain a basis as the internal trade between New York and the interior cities.

Let us illustrate the case. We ship to England breadstuffs and cotton. It is a maxim in both trades that, if you wish to make a profit, you must ship in the face of a loss—in other words, you must ship your goods at a time when the ruling quotations abroad are lower than the ruling quotations here. The reason is very simple. When cotton and wheat are higher in Liverpool than they are here, every one ships, the foreign market is glutted at once, and American shippers are more likely to lose than to make money. On the other hand, when cotton and wheat are quoted lower in Liverpool than in New York, the great bulk of shippers hold back their stocks; and there is a chance that the few adventurous merchants who do send forward their property may find—by the time it crosses the ocean—a bare market, and consequently a fair demand at advancing quotations. This has been the history of the export trade in cotton and breadstuffs for years, not to say generations. One of the oldest and wisest bankers in New York used to ask—when he heard of a house going into one of these two trades—how much capital have they got? If they had $100,000, he would tell his clerks to trust them—*i. e.*, to buy their bills, for a year; if they had $50,000, for six months; if they had $200,000, for two years. His experience had taught him that, at the expiration of these periods, their capital would, in nine cases out of ten, be exhausted, and they would fail. Now, the Atlantic Telegraph will put an end to all this speculative business and all these losses. An exporting merchant will sell his cotton in Liverpool the day he buys it in New York, and will ship it at his leisure without fear of risk. A produce dealer will not buy a barrel of flour or a bushel of grain for export until he has secured his profit by Telegraph. The trade will change entirely. Profits will be smaller but certain, and there will be but few losses. People will cease to assume, as a matter of course, the biennial failure of cotton and produce shippers.

On the other hand the foreign dry-goods trade will undergo a similar change. Hitherto importers and agents of European manufacturers have always been gamblers to some extent. They have guessed at the probable condition of the spring and fall markets; they have theorized as to the state of the money market; they have guessed at the probable bank expansion; and on the net result of their theories they have ordered goods. They have often been mistaken. Losses have not been as large as in the export trade, partly because the importation of dry goods in this country has seldom been in excess of the demand, and partly because our dry-goods men are by far the shrewdest merchants in the country. But still there have been many seasons when the dry-goods importers in this city would have paid the entire cost of the Atlantic Telegraph if they could have countermanded the orders they had sent out only a fortnight before. With the Telegraph all this will be altered. No orders for goods will be sent by mail. They will all go by Telegraph, and as a general rule the importer will secure a bid from the jobber before he transmits his order to Leeds or Rouen or Lyons. Whatever of speculation still adheres to the trade will vanish, and it will become as steady, as devoid of excitement, and as clear of great losses, from other causes than failures, as the domestic dry-goods trade.

Those old men who can remember the state of things which existed in the United States before the establishment of land telegraphs can easily realize the change. In those old days—they seem as ancient as Cotton Mather or the Crusades—a brisk trade was driven in this city in Southern money. Jacob Little was at the head of it. There were no telegraphs, and the mails were leisurely. No one could say for sure what New Orleans funds were worth, or how the Vicksburg Bank stood. Jacob Little made it his business to know—by means of horse expresses and fleet couriers—and in the course of a few years he made a million out of the merchants engaged in the Southern trade by his early information. By-and-by telegraphs were established, every one could ascertain the facts as soon as Mr. Little, and there was no more gambling in Southern money. It had its value, fixed and certain, for the day, and the trade in it became as safe and as free from excitement as the manufacture of horn buttons.

It will be so with all our foreign trade if the Atlantic cable prove a practical success. The smart German bankers who have made money by speculating between New York and London or New York and Frankfort in Five-Twenty bonds will find their vocation gone. It is an open question whether, in the long-run, they have ever made any thing; but there is no doubt they have often inflicted severe losses both on American and on European holders. This business—or at least the speculative part of it—will cease when the Telegraph transmits the daily quotations from side to side. We shall cease to see Five-Twenties five per cent. lower here than in Europe, or Erie eight per cent. higher in London than at the open Board of Brokers in this city. These anomalies will disappear, and the New York and London markets will show no greater variation than the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

THE POSITION OF ITALY.

As experience constantly proves that the class complacently called by themselves and others "practical men" are the most visionary and foolish of all, it is not surprising that the news of the cession of Venetia to France by Austria should have caused the London Stock Exchange to shout that peace was virtually concluded. All the elements of the situation were at once forgotten. That Prussia and Italy were close allies, that one could not act in the matter without the other, and that the object of the cession was the release of the Austrian army in Italy to strike at Prussia in Bohemia, were obvious facts which controlled the situation and made peace extremely doubtful, except upon the assumption that its terms were to reduce Austria to a secondary position, and that she voluntarily accepted her defeat at Sadowa as a death-blow to her imperial power.

But apart from the more complicated view there was another, very simple and painfully evident, which should have moderated the crude transports of the Stock Exchange. The cession of Venetia to France was the humiliation of Italy. To expel Austria has been for years the inspiring hope of the peninsula. Incarnating Austria in the person of Metternich, so long its evil genius, the wish of Italy was

> "To feel his red wet throat distill
> In blood 'twixt my two hands."

It had for six years maintained an immense army at vast expense and political risk, to undertake the work of deliverance, and improving the first favorable hour, with Prussia in alliance, with France in sympathy, and the world hopefully looking on, it struck a brave blow, and was defeated. The moral reaction of that defeat we can conceive; but the total demoralization of accepting from France as a gift what it could not wrest from Austria as a right is inconceivable. If Italy gave Sardinia or any other province in exchange, it merely cut off one end of a field to add to the other. If Italy received Venetia as a free gift from France, it held it not by its own proved power but by the favor of France. The act of reception would acknowledge its own incompetency, when its asserted competency was really the valid ground of its claim. *Italia fará da se;* Italy can and will look out for itself, has been the Italian rallying cry. Can it consent, without the utmost self-contempt, to have Napoleon say to it, "Here, little fellow, I will take care of you!"

Nothing is plainer than that Italy can not repose upon the battle of Custozza. That battle showed, indeed, the valor of Italian troops, which had been doubted; and the incompetency of their leaders, which had been feared. It was unquestionably an honorable battle to the Italians, but it was none the less a defeat, and a defeat which must be repaired. It was a matter of course, then, that "the predominant sentiment was one of profound discontent" when the news of the cession reached Milan. It was to be expected that every just-minded Italian would feel that assent would cost Victor Emanuel his crown and the country a revolution. No wonder, then, that Cialdini, a soldier of genius and a statesman, who two years ago said, "We are to-day the allies of France and the avowed enemies of Austria, but who knows what may happen to-morrow?" does not mean to allow the will of France to be the tenure of Italian nationality, and advances into Venetia. Without rashly refusing to receive Venetia by equitable treaty from France, he knows that the imperative condition precedent is the self-respect of his country, and that that condition is impossible while the presen situation remains.

It is hardly possible that there was not an understanding upon the part of Austria that the condition of the cession of Venetia to France should be the cessation of hostilities in Italy. To that condition Prussia would not assent, and Italy could not. We anticipate, therefore, further war, unless Europe should insist that Austria be reduced from her position as a great power.

WELCOME, TENNESSEE!

EVERY good citizen must be glad that Tennessee has again resumed her full relations in the Union, and that it has been done deliberately and to the satisfaction of Congress, who are the immediate representatives of the loyal people of the country. It would have been better done, we think, by a simple concurrent resolution than by a joint resolution, for the latter requires the signature of the President, which it was evident could be given, only under protest, as the event proved; and as the preamble recited that a State could only be restored by the consent of the Legislative branch it was superfluous to ask that of the Executive. Moreover, the formal declaration of abstract right in the matter was unnecessary, and therefore unwise. Congress, supported by the loyal Union people, have definitely concluded that the late rebel States may resume their old relations under certain conditions. That decision being reached, as fast as those conditions are satisfied the States in question should be restored with as few words as possible. Mr. Bingham's preamble in the House seems to us, therefore, to have been wiser than Mr. Trumbull's in the Senate.

But these are points of mere detail and taste. The President's conduct in the matter is open to graver objection. Had he replied in a dignified tone to Congress, that while he signed the resolution he could not agree with the preamble, his course would have been precisely what was to be expected. But he undertakes to argue the point, and fails ignominiously. He says that if a State can only be restored to its national relations by the consent of the Government, it is not very consistent to assume that before that consent is given the State is competent to pass upon a Constitutional Amendment. If this be true, the President must first settle the account with himself. Either the Government may impose conditions or it can not. If it can, the conditions must seem such as are necessary, whatever form they may take. If it can not, if the late rebel States by the mere act of surrender resumed every relation in the Union, no part of the Government had any authority to require any condition whatever. This was as true last October as it is to-day. Yet on the 28th of that month the Secretary of State telegraphed to Provisional Governor JOHNSON of Georgia, "The President of the United States can not recognize the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union that admits as legal obligations contracted or debts created in their name to promote the war of the rebellion." Whence did the President derive authority to make such a condition?

The truth is, that this question is a point of mere political casuistry. It is unbecoming practical statesmen. It is what Mr. LINCOLN, with true insight, called "a pernicious abstraction." The President can not taunt Congress with inconsistency, for he is himself utterly illogical. He should certainly have learned that there are vital epochs in the life of nations that transcend technicalities, and that the readjustment of relations after so fierce a civil war, under a Constitution susceptible of such various interpretation as ours, is a matter to be approached in the calm spirit of fundamental principles, and not in the temper of hair-splitters. In the problem of reconstruction the Constitution is to be interpreted by the necessary intention of all government, and by the declared purposes of this Union. When the rebellion began, both rebels and Copperheads insisted that it could not be constitutionally resisted. Now that it is over, the same alliance contends that necessary and reasonable conditions of peace can not be constitutionally required. The loyal people of the country differed with them. Constitutionally they fought rebels, constitutionally they conquered them, and constitutionally they will do what is necessary to maintain their victory.

MAWWORM.

THE New York *Times* informs us that "Progress with the Abolition leaders means, first, Emancipation; next, Suffrage; and, finally, Amalgamation." Yet the *Times* knows perfectly well that where there is one of what it calls "the Abolition leaders" who theoretically holds that Government had better let people marry whom they choose, there are five hundred of what it calls "Conservatives" who are practical amalgamationists. Why does not the virtuous *Times* thunder against those who notoriously practice what it denounces, instead of snarling at those whom it assumes to theorize upon the subject?

In one of his speeches in the great Senatorial campaign in Illinois, Mr. DOUGLAS, in the spirit of the *Times* and *Daily News*, insinuated that Mr. LINCOLN was an amalgamationist. Mr. LINCOLN replied that he really could not see why he should marry a woman whom he did not fancy merely because he believed in the Declaration of Independence. So say the friends of Mr. LINCOLN now. They really can not see why marriage should not continue to be regulated by inclination merely because they believe that the peace of the Union requires the equality of all citizens before the law.

A LITTLE COMFORT.

MR. PETROLEUM V. NASBY, that zealous laborer in the Democratic vineyard, is cheered by the political prospect. A stanch adherent of the chief dogma of "the great Democratic party," that every white man is born with an inalienable right "to wallop niggers," his words of encouragement to all true Democratic believers must be most timely and refreshing. We advise our readers not to omit his letters, in which he records his observations and hopes and fears. His comments upon that jubilee of the Democratic brethren, the Philadelphia Convention of Messrs. RANDALL, PENDLETON, WEED, VALLANDIGHAM, RAYMOND, F. WOOD, & Co., we shall anticipate with pleasure. In a late letter Mr. NASBY says:

> "I notice a revival uv the work in this part uv the Democratic vineyard which cheers me. The demonstrashun our friends made in Memphis, the canin' uv Grinnel by Rosso, and the call for a Joanson Convenshun in Philadelphia, all, all hev conspired to comfort the souls uv the Dimocrisy and encourage em to renewed effort. It is bringing forth fruit. Only last week five Northern men were sent whirlin' out uv this section—they dusted in the night to escape hangin', leavin' their goods as a prey for the righteous; six niggers hev bin killed, and one Burow officer shot. Trooly there is every thing to encourage us."

PUTTING TOO FINE A POINT UPON IT.

ONE of our excellent "conservative" journals, the earliest and strongest supporter of the Philadelphia Convention, objects to the admission of what it impolitely calls "Copperhead" delegates. But this is the very ecstasy of folly. The worthy "conservative" is going with all his heart into a convention with the late rebels, and refuses to sit down with the late friends of rebels. If Governor ORR should come, the "conservative" would offer him a pious welcome; but the Honorables FERNANDO WOOD, CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, and GEORGE H. PENDLETON must be shown the door, or the "conservative" will exclude himself!

But will our good friend explain of what offense the Honorable F. Wood is guilty that His Excellency Governor ORR has not committed? Is it pardonable in ORR to have taken up arms against the Union, and unforgivable in WOOD to have cheered him on at a safe distance? Is a rebel competent to advise upon the true policy of reorganization, and a Copperhead incompetent? Our "conservative" friend puts too fine a point upon it. May not a Copperhead repent as well as a rebel? Have the power and tenacity of the Union not been as clearly demonstrated to Mr. PENDLETON as to Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS? "Those whose sympathies were with secessionists are not embraced in the call," says our conservative. Yet the secessionists themselves are not excluded. The inference is plain. Only those whose sympathies are now with secessionists are invited. And they will come. Our "conservative" friend will discover that the men and the spirit that controlled the Chicago Surrender Convention of 1864 will control the Philadelphia Surrender Convention of 1866.

LITERARY.

THE HARPERS have just published "Felix Holt, the Radical," by GEORGE ELIOT, or Miss EVANS, the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola." The first impression upon reading it is of exquisite relief from the gross atmosphere of sensuality and crime in which so many of the popular current novels immerse us. It is a great delight to be lifted out of this miasma into the serene air of great principles, to feel yourself in the hands of a master, and to balance your pleasure between the earnestness, the wisdom, and the profound human interest of the tale upon one hand, and its rare literary art upon the other. The sagacity, the insight, the delicate appreciation, the tender sympathy, indeed the high and spiritual qualities of the book, are such as belong only to great gifts and deep experience. Miss EVANS has what may be called a manly mind, yet with the most thorough intelligence of womanly nature; so thorough, indeed, that every man must learn from her books what he did not know, and revere in women a still gayer and seemingly wayward fidelity than he had suspected. This fascinating complexity of nature is nowhere more subtly portrayed than in Esther Lyon, who is the heroine of the new novel.

Felix Holt himself is a true radical, although without the tenacious flexibility of texture and softer outline which gentler conditions of life would have given him. But he is neither a satire nor a caricature. Indeed, he has a primitive heroism of character so grand as almost to outrun sympathy. An educated man of the working-class who deliberately resolves to renounce all the methods by which energy, ambition, and intelligence usually ascend to wealth and distinction, and who devotes himself, without rhetoric, or sentimentality, or "buncombe" of any kind, to poverty and his own class in order that, feeling him to be one of them, they may heed what he says, and believe that what he is they can also be, is not a common man; and to describe him and his career so that your differences with him do not disturb your faith in his simplicity and admiration for his nobility, shows a very uncommon talent. To trace with delicate fidelity the influence of such a man upon a woman seemingly his opposite, to show the force of such a nature, gradually developing a beauty and grace in a woman deeper than the beauty and grace which were already apparent in her, and which merely concealed the other, as the original religious text of a palimpsest is hidden by the lighter modern lyric over-written—this is an intellectual feat and a triumph of art which the author of "Felix Holt" has fully accomplished. Her new novel seems to us in many points superior to any she has written, and it must rank among the very few really good novels in English literature.

"Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, is a tale which is not new to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. Those who read it as it serially appeared in our columns will agree that we have had no picture of the interior life of the late "Confederacy" during the war which could be in any way compared with the vividness and startling reality of this. During its serial publication we have received many letters from the section of the country in which the scene of the story is laid. The savage denunciation and blank fury of some of these were plainly the wincing of an uneasy conscience; while the fervent and pathetic commendation of others showed how true and tender was the touch of the author. Written by one born and bred and always living in a Southern slave State, yet always faithful, by the most profound patriotic instinct, to the country, one who during the raging of the war was forced into silence, the work is not in the least unkind or ungenerous to whatever is noble in character and life in that part of the country. Indeed the worst types of character in it are what may be called renegade Yankees. The true Yankee, of which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the type, is one of the truest of men. But a renegade, a Yankee who is ashamed of the influences that make him such, and of the essential significance of the word, is among the most contemptible. "Inside" delineates also with remarkable skill the various shades of secession feeling within the "Confederacy." The honest, deluded cion; the sophistication of pride; the assumption of arrogant ignorance; the furious fanaticism of superstition; the sincere doubt; the sturdy conviction; the sentimental affectation—every aspect of the feeling is fairly presented. Moreover, the universal and insensible influence of slavery, which inspired the war, is every where evident although nowhere intruded. The novel is wholly American. Its startling reality and power of delineation of the aspect of one part of the country at so momentous a period will give it a kind of historic value entirely unique in our literature. There is indeed no man who, however heartily he may have aided the rebellion and honestly thought that Yankees were mere vermin to be exterminated, who may not as he reads this book honestly thank God that whatever the present feeling of sore exasperation may be, the cancerous root of discord between us all has been cut away with the knife.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 24:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill was considered, and an amendment was adopted, increasing the salaries of members from $3000 to $5000.—The amendment appropriating one and a half millions for repairing the levees on the Mississippi was adopted.—The bill for the equalization of bounties was defeated; but this action was afterward reversed.

In the House, a message was received from the President on the joint resolution admitting Tennessee. He had signed the resolution. The credentials of the members from that State were referred to the Committee on Elections which soon made a favorable report, and the three members were sworn in.

July 25:

In the Senate, Mr. E. G. Ross was sworn in as Senator from Kansas, vice Lane deceased.—Mr. Joseph S. Fowler, Senator-elect from Tennessee for the term ending March 4, 1861, had his credentials presented by Mr. Sherman, and took the oath of office.—The Senate voted to fix the date of adjournment on Saturday at noon.

In the House, Mr. Kasson introduced a bill to incorporate the National Farm School for Orphan and Dependent Children of Colored Soldiers, and other colored children, which was read a third time and passed.—Mr. Williams, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to restore the possession of lands confiscated by the authority of the States lately in rebellion. It makes it the duty of the President or commanding officer of the military forces stationed within the particular State or district, on complaint of any person dispossessed of property for adherence to the cause of the Union, to restore him in possession of the same. The bill was passed without a division.—A bill was reported and passed giving the courts of the United States power to grant writs of *habeas corpus* in all cases where any person may be restrained of liberty in violation of the Constitution of any treaty or law of the United States. The act is not to apply to the case of any person charged with any military offense, or with having aided or abetted the rebellion against the Government of the United States prior to the passage of this act.

July 26:

In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Patterson, Senator-elect from Tennessee, were taken from the table and read. Mr. Sumner moved that they be referred to the Committee of the Judiciary, with a view to inquire whether Mr. Patterson can take the oath required by the act of Congress and the rule of the Senate. After some debate the motion was carried; yeas 26, nays 14.—The House amendments to the resolution for the printing of the official history of the rebellion were concurred in, and the resolution goes to the President.

In the House, a bill was passed, directing the Secretary of the Interior to contract with Miss Minnie Ream for a life-size model and statue of the late President Lincoln, to be executed by her, the price not to exceed $10,000.—The bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the States of Missouri and Arkansas to the Pacific coast, the corporation to be designated the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company, was passed. Mr. Price stated that as this road would run on the thirty-fifth parallel, there would be a width of three or four hundred miles between each of the three lines—Northern, Central, and Southern—so that they would not be competing.—The House joint resolution in relation to brevet appointments was passed. It provides that no such appointment shall hereafter be made without an accompanying statement in detail of the meritorious act or acts in consideration of which the brevet is given.—A message was received from the President in relation to the release of the Fenian prisoners in Canada.—The bill to revise the Neutrality Laws was next taken up, and gave rise to a debate of much interest, Mr. Banks favoring the measure, Mr. Raymond proposing the appointment of a Committee, to whom the subject should be referred, to report at the next session. The bill was passed unanimously.—The report of the Conference Committee on the Tariff bill was disagreed to.

July 27:

In the Senate, the House bill amending the Neutrality Laws was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.—Mr. Patterson, of Tennessee, was admitted to his seat, by a vote of 21 to 11, he taking the prescribed oath.—The Nebraska bill was passed, 74 to 18, but it was not signed by the President, so that Nebraska is not yet admitted as a State into the Union.

In the House, Mr. Boutwell, of the Judiciary Committee, made a report on the alleged complicity of Jefferson Davis in the assassination of President Lincoln.—Mr. Stevens reported back the Senate's amendments to the Civil Appropriation bill. The amendment appropriating $50,000 for repairing and building levees on the Mississippi River was non-concurred in. So also the amendment to increase the salaries of members of Congress to $5000 per annum.—The Air-line Railroad bill was passed.

July 28:

The Senate, after agreeing to the report of the Conference Committee, increasing the pay of members of Congress, and rejecting the bounty bill to soldiers, agreed to the report of another Committee, and granted the bounties to soldiers. It provides that those who enlisted for three years, and either served the whole term or were discharged for disability, shall receive $100; those for two years to receive $50.—After the passage of a resolution thanking Mr. Foster for his impartial conduct as presiding officer, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the main subject of interest during this last day of the session was the question of the bounty to soldiers. The Senate had rejected this, and had passed the bill increasing the salaries of members of Congress from $3000 to $5000, giving $8000 to the Speaker of the House, but modifying the existing pay for mileage of travel, so that the aggregate pay of members will not be largely increased. The House had rejected this. A Conference Committee, at the last moment, recommended the House to concur with the Senate in passing this and the bounty bill together, several members stating that they voted for this in order to save the bounty bill; and some members stating that they should pay the extra compensation allotted to them to the soldiers. The report was finally agreed to by a vote of 51 to 50.—A message was received from the President vetoing a bill erecting the Territory of Montana into a separate surveying district, upon the ground that while it was wholly unnecessary, it gave a practical monopoly to the Montana and New York Iron, Mining, and Manufacturing Company.—The House, after having been in continuous session for 18 hours, adjourned, after passing unanimously a vote of thanks to the Speaker, Mr. Colfax.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRESIDENT.

We have elsewhere spoken of the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. On the 27th of July the Queen, being then at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, sent the following dispatch to the President of the United States:

> "The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England."

This dispatch conveyed from the Isle of Wight to Valentia, thence sent over the ocean telegraph appears to have reached Heart's Content on the 29th. At 9 on the morning of the 30th it was conveyed by steamer to the nearest point of telegraphic communication with the United States; and at half past 11 the President sent the following reply:

> "The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of her Majesty's dispatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the Eastern and Western hemispheres may serve to strengthen and perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States."

THE CHOLERA.

The cholera has made its appearance in several parts of New York and Brooklyn, but has not as yet assumed the form of a confirmed epidemic. In New York, for the week ending July 28, there were 48 deaths reported as by cholera; but there were 176 from cholera infantum, and 139 from cholera morbus and other diarrhœal diseases. Of these probably some should have been set down as from cholera. The entire number of deaths was 771, not very much above the usual average at this season. Thus far, both in New York and Brooklyn, the disease has been confined mainly to the public institutions, and to ill-drained and ill-ventilated localities.

RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A severe riot occurred in New Orleans on the 30th of July. It grew out of the reassemblage of the Convention originally convened in 1864 to draft a new Constitution for the State. The colored population appear to have sympathized warmly in the meeting, and assembled in large crowds. Collisions occurred between them and the whites. When the Convention assembled a mob of whites gathered around the building, and by the middle of the afternoon the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. The Mayor issued a proclamation enjoining all citizens not regularly engaged in special police duty to retire to their homes. Finally, General Baird, commanding the troops there, proclaimed the city under martial law. During the course of the riot a number were killed, among whom were several members of the Convention. Reports, probably exaggerated, say that 100 negroes and 25 whites were killed.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President has nominated Orville H. Browning, of Illinois, for Secretary of the Interior; and Daniel Clarke, the New Hampshire Senator, for Judge of the United States District Court of that State.

The testimony before the House Committee on the condition of Utah discloses the fact that the laws of the United States are openly and defiantly violated throughout the Territory, and that an armed force is necessary to preserve the peace and give security to the laws and property of citizens of the United States residing there. A copy of a special order issued in 1853 by Brigham Young was submitted to the Committee for the murder of eighty innocent men, discharged teamsters of General Johnston's command, then at Fort Bridger, Utah, *en route* for California. Fortunately the officer designated to execute the order was a humane person and did not execute it.

Congress, by a recently enacted law, appropriated $60,000 for the purchase of cereal, vegetable, and flower seeds. Also, $14,000 for the propagation and distribution of the plants, cuttings, and shrubs, which are to be restricted to such as are adapted to general cultivation, and to promote the general interests of horticulture and agriculture.

There are at present 10,758 soldiers in the government hospitals.

From Fortress Monroe we get a somewhat detailed account of the reported disturbances on the eastern shore. The trouble appears to have originated in an attempt on the part of some whites to exercise their old-fashioned rights under the lynch law code, in hunting down some negroes for the purpose of searching for one who, they said, had attempted to cut the throat of a white man. The negroes were robbed, when they made complaint to the civil authorities, who issued warrants for the arrest of eleven of the white men. The 14th July was set apart for the hearing of the case. On that day about a hundred armed white men assembled, swearing they would kill every negro who attempted to testify, and threatened the magistrate with violence if the proceedings were continued. The magistrate, seeing the state of affairs, sent for the aid of the United States troops, on whose arrival the lynchers were not to be found.

Mr. Speaker Colfax has declined being a candidate for Senator from Indiana, and having been renominated for Congress from the South Bend District, will leave on the day of adjournment for his home, to canvass his district for a re-election.

The President, on July 26, sent to the House a message in reply to a resolution requesting him to take steps with a view to the release of Fenian prisoners. He incloses a communication from Secretary Seward, who says the representations made to the British Government have been received and taken into consideration by it and the Canadian authorities in a friendly spirit.

Ulysses S. Grant is now General, and William T. Sherman Lieutenant General of the United States Army. Farragut also, instead of being a Vice-Admiral is now Admiral. David D. Porter is Vice-Admiral.

FOREIGN NEWS.

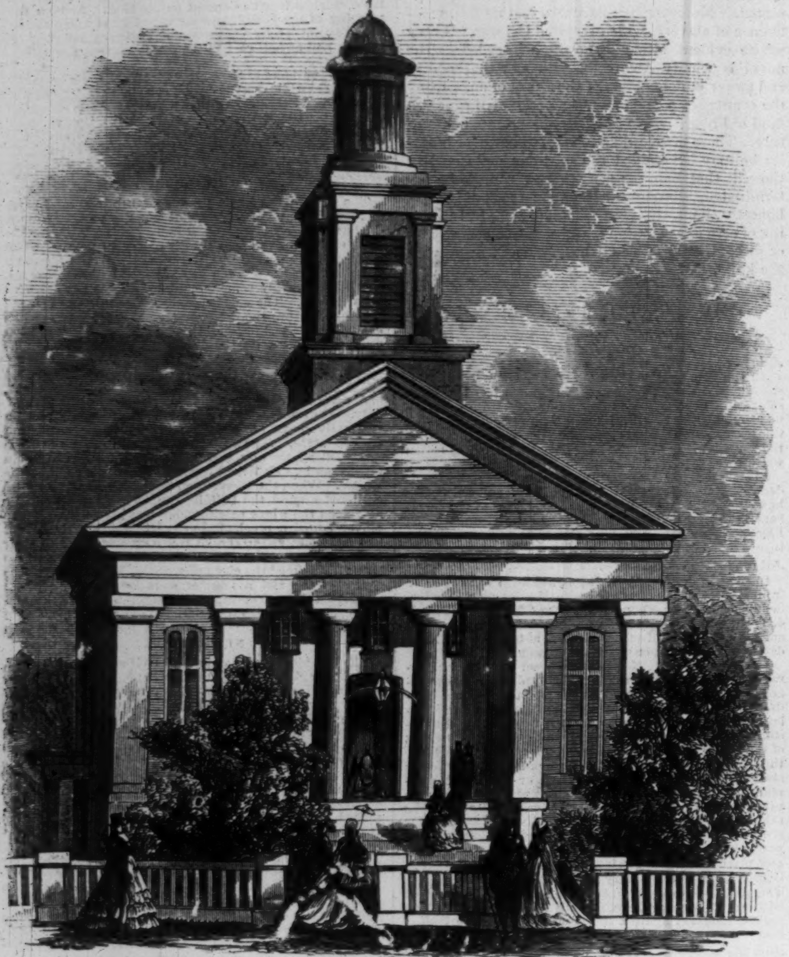
THE EUROPEAN WAR.

WE have by steamer intelligence from Europe down to the 22d of July, and brief items by the Atlantic Telegraph to the 28th. The success of the Prussian arms had been constant. On the 14th they gained an important victory at Aschaffenburg, near Frankfort on the Main, over the army of the Confederation. The Federal Diet removed to Augsburg. The Prussians pressed on toward to Vienna, and severe fighting is reported to have occurred at various points. Engagements are reported to have taken place in Italy, but the details are too vague to enable us to form any adequate idea of their nature and extent. The Italian fleet made an attack on the fort at Lissa, on the coast of Dalmatia. The only feature of the action positively certain is that the Italian iron-clad *Re d' Italia* was sunk; it is said also that another iron-clad was sunk, with all on board. Italian accounts say furthermore, that their fleet, after seven hours' obstinate fighting, silenced the fort, and that the Austrian squadron retired, after one man-of-war and two steamers had been sunk; while Austrian reports claim that the Italian fleet was driven back, and was being pursued by the Austrians in the direction of Ancona. We must await further intelligence before chronicling what now appears to have been the closing scenes of the war, whether in Germany or Italy.

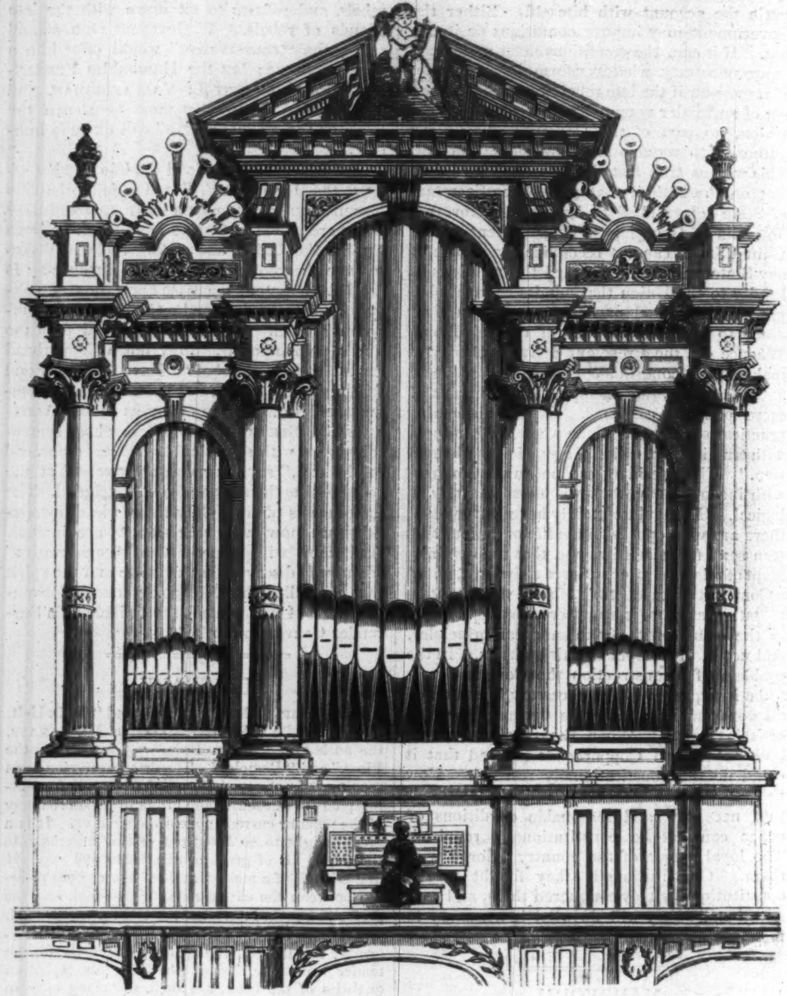
Meanwhile, as announced briefly by telegraph, and somewhat more fully by steamer, an armistice for five days was agreed upon, at the suggestion of Napoleon, between Austria and Prussia. According to the best accredited reports Prussia demands, as conditions of peace, the formation of a new Germanic Confederation from which Austria shall be excluded. If Prussia succeeds in retaining the conquests which she has made, she will have added some seven or eight millions to her population; this, with her preponderance in Germany, will raise her to the rank of one of the three Great Powers—Russia, France, and Prussia; while Great Britain will have fallen into the second rank with Italy. The latest telegraphic dispatches, which bear date London, July 28, merely say that "An armistice of four weeks has been signed by Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, and the other German States; the propositions embrace a lasting peace over the whole Continent of Europe, but no details of the negotiations have been received."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Empress of Mexico has left that country for Europe, it is said, upon a diplomatic mission.—If the official reports of the allies are to be received, the action fought on the 24th of May on the La Plata was of very considerable importance. President Mitre says that the Paraguayans lost 4200 dead, abandoned on the field of battle, and 370 prisoners, mostly wounded, besides some guns and ammunition. The loss of the allies is stated at 702 killed and 2645 wounded, the greater part being Brazilians. This action is now called the battle of Tuguity.



HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, 1842-3.
[Sketched by Edwin Deakin.]

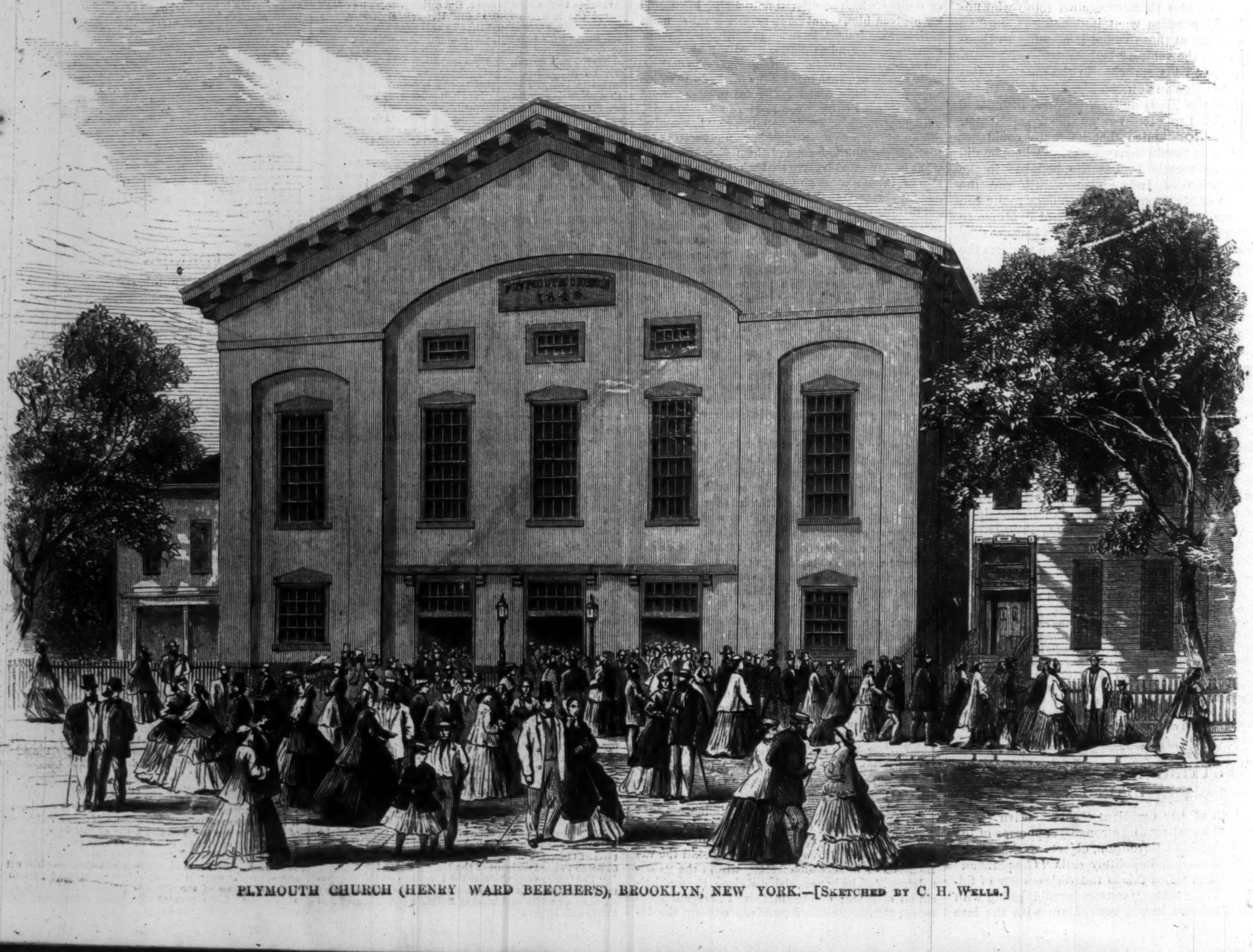


THE GREAT ORGAN IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, OPENED July 31, 1866.
[Sketched by C. H. Wells.]

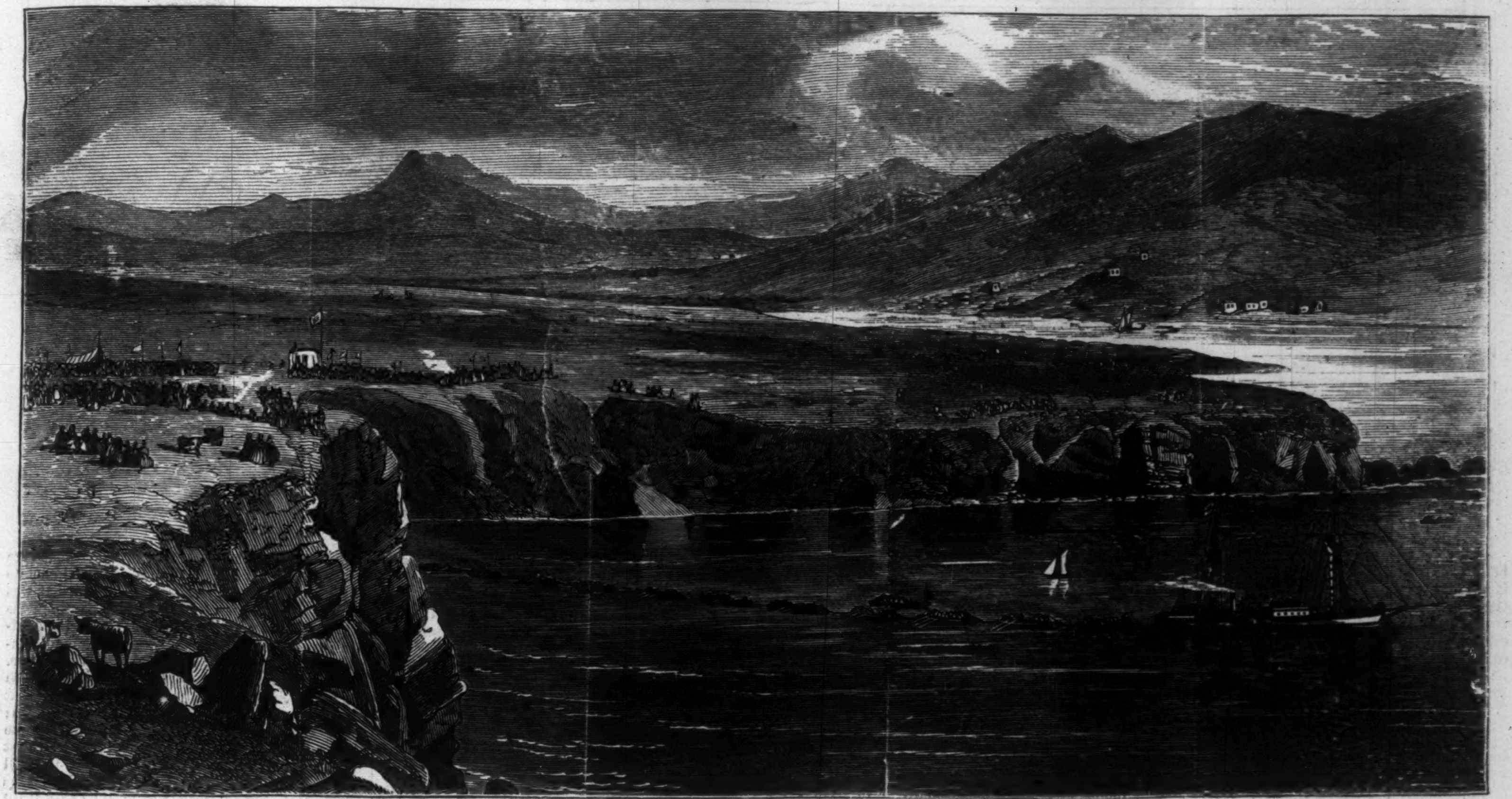
BEECHER'S CHURCHES.

As an interesting contrast we print, this week, a picture of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's meeting-house at Indianapolis, Indiana, where he passed the greater part of his ministry at the West; and a picture of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where he has drawn crowds of listeners for now nearly twenty years. The Indianapolis church was Presbyterian; the Brooklyn is Congregational. Mr. Beecher's settlement at Indianapolis lasted from 1839 to 1847. He then left a pulpit which he had made famous throughout the West, to occupy another which he was to make famous throughout the world.

Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, are the most gifted and distinguished of thirteen children of Dr. Lyman Beecher. The mother of both was Dr. Beecher's first wife, Roxana Foote, a woman of extraordinary intellectual ability, and equally extraordinary strength of personal character. Dying in Henry's childhood, his impressions of her are derived through his imagination rather than through his memory. To this day he bears her in his thought as his chief



PLYMOUTH CHURCH (HENRY WARD BEECHER'S), BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—[Sketched by C. H. Wells.]



THE ATLANTIC CABLE—LANDING THE SHORE-END AT VALENTIA, IRELAND.—[See Page 502.]

ideal of womanhood, and as the chief guardian genius of his life: nor, in his sermons, does he ever pour forth a nobler eloquence than when, in some rapt and fervid moment, he repaints, like Cowper, "his mother's picture."

Mr. Beecher is now fifty-three years of age—almost entitled to rank as one of the venerable celebrities of old Litchfield, that famous birth-place of successful men. But probably no man ever crossed the half-century boundary of his mortal life more thoroughly a boy than Henry Ward Beecher.

The date of Mr. Beecher's settlement in Brooklyn was October, 1847. In the summer of the next year his church was burned. Like generals whose horses are shot under them, both he and his father had their pulpits consumed from under their feet. While the present Plymouth Church was building the congregation worshiped in a large one-story tabernacle in Pierpont Street. If the present edifice should follow the fate of its predecessor, perhaps out of the ashes would arise that once projected but now abandoned new structure which was to hold six thousand persons, and overlook Brooklyn Heights like a monument. Mr. Beecher's congregation is always too large for the building. The 300 pews, together with the aisle and wall seats, give sittings for about 2700 people. After cramming the doorways and stairs the total audience numbers about 3000. The sum-total of pew-rents for the current year is the rather astonishing figure of $42,000. In 1862 the Sunday School-room was rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of $14,000. The school now numbers 1100 scholars and teachers. The church has about 1700 communicants.

In 1863 Mr. Beecher made a trip to Europe between the months of May and November, and performed in England a service to the United States which can never be forgotten by his grateful and admiring countrymen.

From the beginning of Mr. Beecher's residence in Brooklyn he has been an incessant public speaker in all the New England lyceums, and has frequently made short and quick journeys into the Western States to speak on the great public questions of the day. He has probably given more public lectures than any other man in America.

On the establishment of *The Independent* in 1848, Mr. Beecher became its familiar weekly "Star Contributor"—so called on account of the (*) appended to his articles. During the years 1862 and 1863 he was the Editor-in-Chief of that journal. He now contributes to it every week a sermon. These sermons are taken down by a short-hand reporter, and are sometimes revised by the author, and sometimes not. Mr. Beecher is great in many and various respects, but is nowhere so great as in the pulpit. He is undoubtedly the most brilliant preacher who has ever appeared in this country. As a man of genius, as a Christian minister, as a practical worker among men, as the most delightful of companions, in short, as just Henry Ward Beecher he is one of the rarest of the rare men of our time.

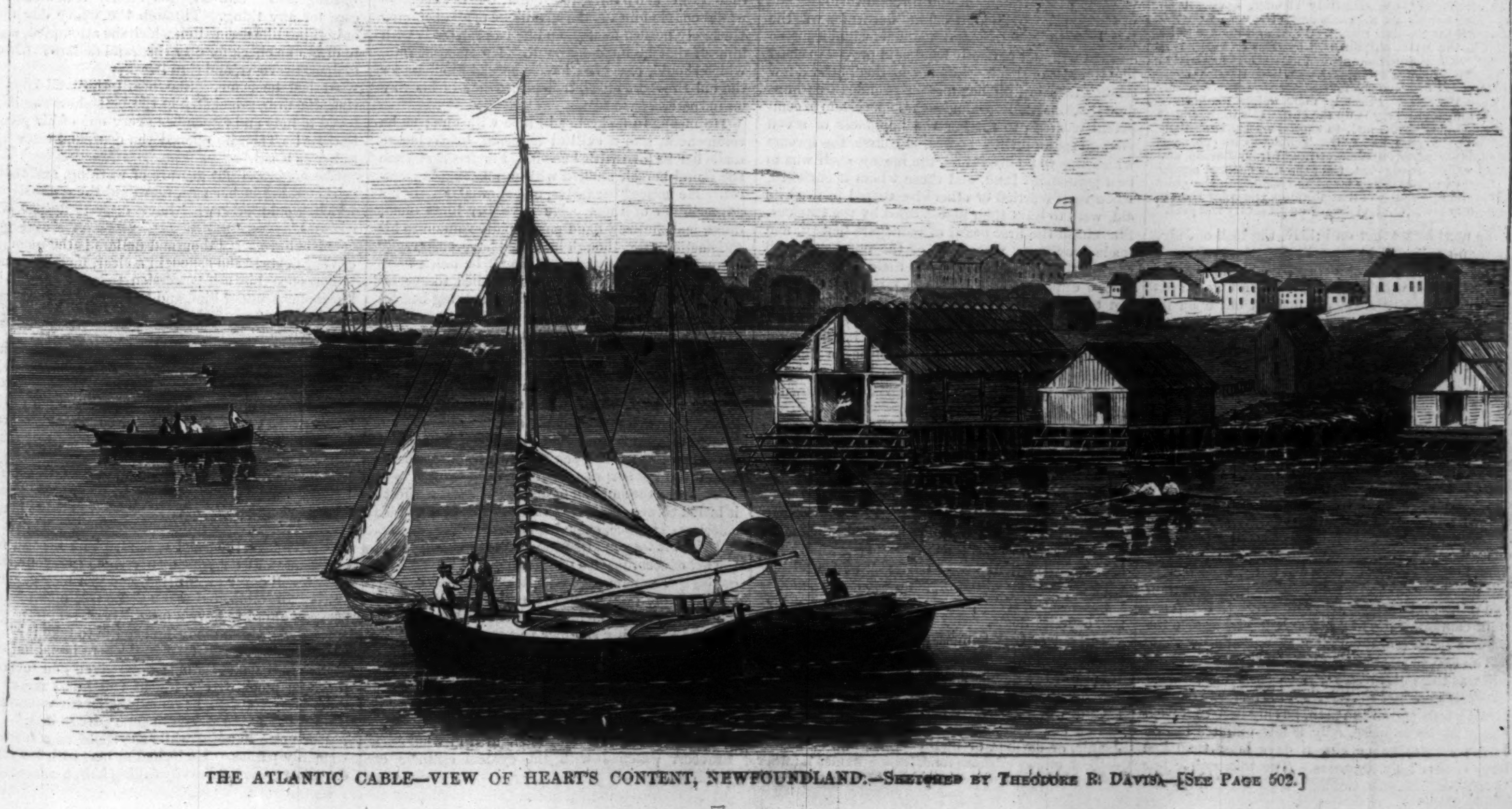
Just at present, however, the chief lion of Plymouth church is not its minister but its organ—a sketch of which we herewith append:

In January, 1865, Plymouth Church Society, of Brooklyn, made a contract with a Boston firm for an organ, which was to be the second largest in America, and to be finished in January, 1866. The original sum voted by the Society was ten thousand dollars, but since it has been increased to about twenty-five thousand dollars. The organ is now completed, and was opened July 31. This instrument, constructed by E. and G. G. Hook of Boston, measures from the basement to its highest point forty-eight feet four inches; its depth is twenty-three feet, and the width from side to side twenty-nine feet. The organ has four manuals, in each of which are fifty-eight keys. The compass is from C to A; in the pedal there are thirty keys, from C to F. This embraces the entire range of the musical scale—ten octaves—which is as great a difference in sound as the human ear can easily appreciate. The tone of the lower notes, which are very often so muffled as to give but little variety, are expected to be very clear and distinct.

The wind is supplied by four bellows and two reservoirs putting in motion a pneumatic lever, which is applied to the organ. The couples throughout are attached to it, so that all four manuals can be played at once almost as easily as the key-board of a grand piano. Every register in the organ is operated by the pneumatic power, and secures a uniform and very easy motion in all weathers. The cost of this arrangement has been great, as it involved the making of a large number of small bellows placed in different parts of the organ. Its advantage is obvious, and is an improvement on the many organs in which is required a weight of some five or six pounds to bring down a key. Four engines, with upright cylinders six inches in diameter, with a 12-inch stroke, move levers attached to the four bellows. The engines are perfectly automatic in their motion, the water being supplied from the main pipe of the Ridgewood aqueduct.

One feature in this organ, which belongs to it alone of all the organs in this country, is a stop called the Tuba Mirabilis. All the pipes of this stop are made of pure tin; the bass pipes, which are shaped as trumpets, project over the top of the organ horizontally, and form a pleasing effect by the peculiarity of their position, and by the fine contrast with the black walnut. They are reed stops of eight feet and four feet pitch, of enormous power, at the same time recommended as smooth and musical in their quality. They have somewhat of the effect of a trumpet in their tone, but are of greater power. Some idea may be formed of these two registers by the fact that the two combined are almost equal to the strength of the remainder of the organ.

The organ, as it now stands, is the largest ever



THE ATLANTIC CABLE—VIEW OF HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 502.]

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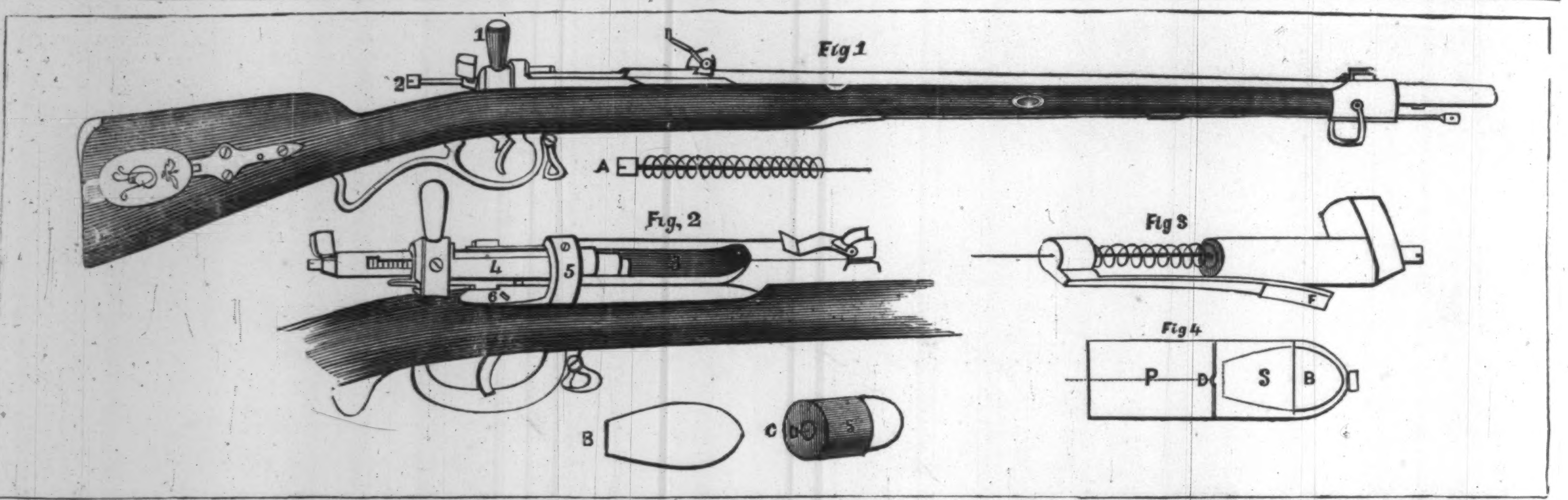

Fig. 1.—1. Lever that locks in cylinder; 2. Needle drawn back ready for projecting into cartridge.——Fig. 2.—3. Chamber for cartridge; 4. Cylinder holding needle-case; 5. Cylinder that passes under band; 6. Trigger that pushes on spring F in Fig. 3.——Fig. 3.—Case containing needle; F. Spring lifted by trigger 6 in Fig. 2.——Fig. 4.—Section of cartridge; P. Powder; D. Detonating powder in hole of sabot; S. Sabot holding the ball; Dotted line shows passage of needle on to detonating powder at D, through the gunpowder, marked P; A. Needle in spiral spring; B. Ball; C. Sabot containing ball; D. Detonating powder at end of sabot.

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.—[See First Page.]

built in America. The Boston Music Hall organ is the largest on the continent, but was built in Germany. The cost of the instrument is about twenty-five thousand dollars—a very low figure considering the immense labor expended on its construction.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE LAID!

We think we may now assume that this great international enterprise is at length successfully accomplished. On pages 501, 504, and 505 we give several illustrations of this work, which mostly explain themselves. From the London *Daily News* we abridge the following description of the landing, July 6, of the shore-end of the cable at Valentia, the European terminus of the line:

> "At 1 P.M. the line of boats was perfect, and before 3 the cable was successfully landed, and its end brought up into the white hut. Signals were interchanged between the ship and shore immediately. Mr. Willoughby Smith and Mr. Collett, accompanied by Mr. Cyrus Field, who, with characteristic energy, had seen Glengariffe, and hurried through a two days' land journey in ten hours, went into the testing room and in a few minutes "working beautifully, all well," was announced as the message from the ship. The *Corry* then stood out to sea, and proceeded to lay the rest of the shore-end, consisting of some 30 miles of thick and heavy cable. At 3 this morning she telegraphed that her work was done, and after buoying the part intrusted to her in 130-fathom water, rejoined the *Great Eastern* at Berehaven. The whole affair was accomplished before those on board the great vessel, or those who were journeying thither by way of Glengariffe, knew it had been commenced, and in its leading features presented a striking difference to the ceremony of last year. Earnest gravity and a deep-seated determination to repress all show of the enthusiasm of which every body was full was very manifest. The excitement was below, instead of above the surface. Speech-making, hurrahing, public congratulations, and vaunts of confidence were, as it seemed, avoided of a set purpose.
>
> "The 40 boats, each a boat's length apart, were first steadied by a guide-rope from the ship, which kept them in position. Mr. Temple, Jun., superintended the arrangement of these, and made constant flag signals to the ship and to those in charge of the boat next to it. Before commencing operations the local boatmen were earnestly exhorted not to repeat their error of last year, when they delayed matters at a critical time for nearly two hours, by flinging the cable into the sea that they might cheer their own success at having so nearly landed it. The faithful promises they made were duly kept, and with the exception of an unimportant misapprehension of a signal, which momentarily delayed the paying out, the cable was laid without a single hitch. Strong and heavy as was the shore-end of 1865, that brought from the *William Corry* yesterday was more gigantic and ponderous still. The few hundred yards running from low-water mark up the cliff into the electrical room were, it is true, dwarfed by their predecessor in the same trench. These, though abundantly strong, are comparatively slender, having been made the same size as the cable designed to cross the Atlantic, and for a double reason. First, as they are to lie buried in the earth, uninfluenced by tides or weather, it would have been a useless waste of money and material to manufacture them of the same stoutness as the ponderous rope intended to brave the fury of Atlantic waves breaking upon the coast. Secondly, mere weight would have made it difficult to carry it up the cliff. It is the strongest wire cable ever made, and, in short lengths, is as little flexible as stiff posts and rails. Thanks to its enormous weight, it was payed out almost straight from the ship, and did not vary four per cent. from the line chalked out for it. There was something far more touching in the quiet and reverent solemnity of the spectators yesterday than in the slightly boisterous joviality of the peasantry last year."

We next heard that on Friday, the 13th of July, the deep-sea line had been spliced to the shore-end, and that the telegraphic fleet, consisting of the *Great Eastern*, with the cable on board, accompanied by three other vessels, had set out upon its voyage. On Sunday morning, July 29, brief dispatches reached New York from Cyrus W. Field, announcing that the *Great Eastern* and her consorts had reached Heart's Content—now well named—on the morning of the 28th, and that the cable had been laid, was in perfect working order, and that they were then in telegraphic communication with Ireland. It seems that the enterprise this time was a perfect success, not having been marred by a single important misadventure. The whole distance sailed by the fleet was 1686 nautical miles; the whole length of cable payed out was 1866 miles, showing a "slack" of only 12 per cent. The rate of sailing was very uniform, the least distance run in a single day having been 105 miles, the greatest 128 miles, the average rate being a little less than five miles an hour. During the fourteen days constant communication had been kept up between the *Great Eastern* and the station at Valentia Bay.

The first message sent over the cable after being laid was this: "*A treaty of peace has been signed between Austria and Prussia.*" This message reached Heart's Content on the 29th, having been sent from Valentia, we suppose, only a few minutes before. It gives intelligence eleven days later than had been received by steamers. The telegraphic line to connect Heart's Content with St. John's, and thence with the United States, has to be completed. Until this is done dispatches must still be sent by vessels between these two points; so that as we write (July 30) New York is still distant a full day from Europe. The missing telegraphic link will be soon supplied; when this is done, if the lines work as is anticipated, there will be almost instantaneous communication; indeed, taking into account the difference of time between the two places, we may receive dispatches from Europe a little earlier than—measured by the sun and by chronometer—they were sent.

It is also announced that the *Great Eastern* will immediately be sent to endeavor to recover the cable lost last year, and to relay it. If this succeeds there will soon be a double line across the Atlantic.

The first attempt to stretch a telegraphic wire across the bed of the Atlantic was made in the summer of 1857. The cable was coiled half on board the United States steamship *Niagara*, and half on the British steamer *Agamemnon*. They began to lay it in mid-ocean on the 26th of June, the *Niagara* proceeding toward the American coast, the *Agamemnon* toward Ireland. After the wire had three times broken the attempt was given up. The following August it was renewed on a different plan. The shore-end was made fast at Valentia Bay, and the *Niagara* began paying out on the 7th, the purpose being that the *Agamemnon* should begin operations when the *Niagara* had exhausted her half of the cable. On the 11th, after 335 miles had been laid, the wire broke again. The third attempt was made with the same vessels in 1858. The ends of the cable were joined in mid-ocean on the 29th of July, and on the 6th of August the two ships arrived simultaneously at their respective destinations. This cable worked for a time, but the electric current grew weak and finally failed altogether.

The cable, in 1858, had a breaking strain of a little over three tons, or was capable of bearing five miles of its own length in water. The present one will bear a strain of eight tons, or twelve miles of its own length in water.

JEAN RATHBURNE'S LIFE.

A spring long and cold, a short and fervid summer, an autumn bearing scant fruit—that was Jean Rathburne's life. And now she is dead, and the long, wild grasses are tangled above her grave by vagrant winds which wanton through them.

It was the will she left behind her which was the key-note to her life, and made it significant—a strange will, yet perfectly legal, and proved in court like the rest of them. She bequeathed, after a few trifling legacies, all her fortune—some three hundred thousand dollars—under the supervision of competent trustees, to further the happiness of seven young orphan girls. It was, of course, the income which was to be used thus, the money itself was to be a permanent fund, and those whom it enriched, when they married or otherwise ceased to need its aid, were to have their places filled by the trustees. She chose the first board of managers herself, and made provisions, when any of the number should die, for the election of others in their stead.

She explained her intention minutely. It was not to make the girls good merely, or respectable merely, or well-clothed and well-fed merely; but, if possible, to make them happy, to indulge their whims, and give their individualities a chance. For she said, and this voice from her very grave was the only complaint she had ever been known to utter:

"One woman, who has found life very sad, would like to make it brighter for some of those who will live after her."

That was all, a quiet, calm statement of facts—she had found life very sad—but did any wail ever come out of bitterer depths?

Her parents had died before she could remember them, and left her a fortune and a guardian; left her, too, with a nature at once shy and sensitive, with a tendency to morbidness and hypochondria, which needed, sorely, the influence of a warm, loving, cheerful home.

Instead of that Sampson Dredlife and his wife starved her and froze her. I do not mean literally; there was fire and food enough in their great, comfortable house, and Miss Rathburne, as an heiress should, was served with the best.

But she was always Miss Rathburne—never Jeanie, or darling, or mother's blessing, or heart's delight, or any of those fond, foolish names familiar to the lips of happy mothers. She knew well enough that no one loved her, and that strengthened her shyness, and deepened her despondency.

So she grew up to twenty-one—a long, slow, cold spring, as I said. Then her fortune came into her own hands, and with a certain Widow Dredlife, a sister-in-law of Sampson, to matronize the establishment, she went into a house of her own. The widow carried with her the old Dredlife influence, and the new home was at first scarcely other than a repetition of the old. Except that now Miss Rathburne began to go into society, and was enough of an heiress to be received there with favor.

She was not pretty, yet her figure was lithe and slender, her complexion was clear, and if she had ever been animated might have been bright. Her eyes were large and dark, but the fire in them smouldered rather than sparkled. If she had had a little self-esteem, if some one had told her now and then that she was handsome, she might have been so; for many a woman sets up for a beauty on far less capital. But compliments never flowered in the Dredlife soil, and Jean had grown up feeling herself hopelessly plain, till the feeling had affected the very hue and lineaments of her countenance.

She had no taste in dress either—women seldom have who do not see any charm in their own faces. She wore colors which made her look sallow or dark nearly always, and her gowns detracted from the grace of her figure instead of being skillfully chosen to enhance it.

According to some creeds all this should have made her good by making her humble, but it had just the opposite effect. It nourished secretly a bitter, cynical pride, a grudging sense of injustice, a hard self-contempt—noxious weeds which do not grow in that sweet Valley of Humiliation where Bunyan's pilgrims walked, and "the herb called hearts-ease flourished."

This was just the state—sick of herself, at odds with the world, yet desperately bent on wringing happiness out of something—in which Jack Brevoort found her.

He did not love Jean Rathburne—you are not to suppose that for a moment. At her brightest and best she would never have been his style; besides, a little blue-eyed girl, at home in his mother's nursery, a poor cousin, held so much heart as he had, and was more to him than any one else ever would be. But *she* lacked money just as entirely as he did, and it is not in such cases that two negatives make an affirmative. Of course, he could be much more dangerous to Miss Rathburne's peace than if he had really loved her, for his coolness would enable him to take advantage of all openings. He sorely needed money, and he had settled it with himself that he must marry it. He thought fate, which should, of course, have a special kindness for the old Brevoort blood, had placed her in his way on purpose.

He meant to make her in love with him; so he commenced, like a skillful tactician, by trying to make her in love with herself. For the first time she found herself studied with unmistakable interest. He noticed her tastes, and showed quietly his appreciation of them. He gave her hints about dress, and she grew handsome rapidly—much to his satisfaction; for, though he would have been ready to marry her in any case, it would be much more agreeable to have a wife who furnished to spectators an excuse for one's choice in something besides dollars and cents.

It was not altogether the new colors that she wore which improved her. A subtle flame ran through all her veins, and kindled the smouldering fires in her eyes. Her cheeks were pale no longer, or her face spiritless. When she looked in the glass she saw what seemed to her, in contrast with her old self, a radiant vision. And when with this new Jean Rathburne Jack Brevoort began to fall in love it did not surprise or startle her.

This was the summer of her life—fervid as short; it lasted three months. This time only, to her sad, colorless existence, came happiness!

Brevoort was an ardent lover. He was gifted in the art of seeming to a degree amounting to positive genius. Then Jean was too sturdily honest herself to doubt the honesty of others, and too delicately generous ever to remember that she was rich and he was poor. So her summer was warm and bright, and all her roses bloomed!

It was something to see her in these days—her old dead-and-alive self no longer; in its stead a sparkling creature, melting into the unspeakable glory of love and womanhood. How a man who truly loved her would have delighted in what Jack Brevoort watched with the cynical coolness of Mephistopheles!

He hurried on the preparations for their marriage when once she had accepted him. He could not do without her, he said, longer than till fall. It was the truest word he had uttered since he began his courtship; but the need he had of her was of a nature he would not have found it pleasant to communicate. *She* thought it was the eagerness of love.

It was to make some of the arrangements which his approaching marriage rendered necessary that Brevoort went out of town for a couple of days; and of course, in his character of impatient lover, he must write each day to his betrothed. The first letter—Jean Rathburne's first love-letter—was full of subtly sweet words, tender phrases, allusions which made her pulses beat fast. She read it till she knew it by heart, and then kept reading it over to see if she had forgotten any thing.

The second she opened with fingers trembling with expectation. It commenced with "Dear Hal!" Her delicate sense of honor bade her fold it up again, for she understood at once that it had been sent to her by mistake. But as she doubled it over she caught her own name. She would have been more than woman if she had not read it then.

It was simply the letter of one fast young man to another, about betting and debts and horses. It shocked her taste; but she loved him enough to have excused it but for this passage:

> "George can not say that I am not making effort enough to pay him. I am to marry Miss Rathburne in October. Splendid woman as she is, she is not my style—never would have been. I care more for Nell's little finger. However, a man who owes forty thousand dollars, and has some conscience still left about paying it, can't very well afford to indulge in the luxury of a heart. I believe I got rid of mine pretty effectually some time ago."

Those were words which no sophistry could ever beguile her into forgiving. Her summer was over. The untimely black frost had come.

Who "Nell" was she did not care, or "George," or "Hal." She had no curiosity at all. Enough for her that love had failed her.

She looked in the glass with sad, changed eyes, and lost forever all the fond self-complacence of recent days. There was nothing about her to love, after all. She had been deceiving herself yet more utterly than she had been deceived. The very depth of her self-abasement made her patient.

It was morning when the letter came, and at night Brevoort was to return. So she sat all day and waited, without knowing how long the hours were, or feeling once the weariness of delay. She felt as if her heart and her pulses were standing still, waiting also. She was too utterly benumbed to care for any thing. Through the weary day the only thing like occupation which she attempted, was to draw one check for fifty thousand dollars in favor of Jack Brevoort, and sign it.

At last he came. She heard the well-known ring, the firm, proud step in the hall—how she had loved to note and remember every one of his peculiarities! Then he opened the door, and came up to her as usual.

She made a slight gesture of warning, and that, or something in her face, repressed the enthusiasm which would otherwise have expressed itself in caresses.

"I believe forty thousand dollars is the amount of your debts?" she asked, in a clear, metallic tone.

For once his self-possession failed him. His knees shook under him, and he sat down.

"Who told you?" he gasped.

"Yourself."

She took out the letter, and laid it in his hands. He looked at it, and knew Jean Rathburne well enough to give up his game.

"I haven't one word to say, though I'm not quite so heartless, perhaps, as that letter makes me seem. I *should* have been kind to you. But you may as well despise me through and through."

"*Just* as well," she answered, dryly. "Of course I withdraw from my promise to marry you; but your good intentions about paying your debts must not be frustrated by my troth-breaking. Here is a check for fifty thousand dollars. The margin of ten thousand over your own estimate of your liabilities will cover any little items you may chance to have forgotten, and make you a free man again, who can afford to have a heart."

"Do you think me mean enough to take it?"

"I think you *will* take it. There is a kind of justice in it too. I would have given you several times as much, freely, if you had loved me as I thought. You deserve something for the weariness it must have been to you to act a part so long."

Her voice softened while she spoke to a tender, womanly pathos. He looked at her, with her sad, downcast eyes, her heavily-falling hair, her face that in its very woe was sweet, and he came nearer to loving her than he had ever come before.

"You can't forgive me," he said, "and I won't ask you."

Then he took his hat and went away, leaving the check lying on the table.

She sent it to him next day in an envelope, without an additional word. Pride bade him return it; but his necessities constrained him. Jean Rathburne smiled grimly when the check came back to her from the bank, punctured, like a railroad ticket, with little round holes.

Pride would have kept some women, in her place, in the midst of the world. *She* was prouder still, and disregarded the world altogether. She never was seen any more in society. She had had her day—her summer was gone, with its roses. She chose to pass her autumn alone. She pensioned off the widow Dredlife, and sent her away. She did not feel young or volatile enough to need matronizing any more.

If she suffered, no one knew it. As I said, the only complaint she was ever known to utter was that sentence in her strange will.

She died young. Natures like hers wear out fast, when no spring of hope sustains them. Without doubt she was thankful when "the life that had been so sad" was over. She did not know, there under the daisies, that the first tears Jack Brevoort had wept in years were shed above her grave.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Now, little readers, before we go any further in this pleasant garden work, I must tell you one thing—you will find two sorts of hard words in my chapters. One sort I put in myself. Not very often, but just now and then one, which perhaps suits my purpose better than a short word, and likewise gives little readers something to do. I like to send them to the dictionary once in a while—it is a good habit. But there is another sort of hard words that creeps in—*very* hard words; for they are not to be found in any dictionary at all, nor even in scientific books, nor learned ones. So what are little readers to do then?—why just ask the printer! Perhaps he knows the meaning of "sublimary," which he put in one of my last chapters, but I confess I don't—so you must just ask him.

It was not the fashion in Mr. May's house for the children to take the lead in conversation. A strange, old-time notion prevailed there, that those who had lived longest in the world knew best what to talk about; or at least "had the right of way," as they say on the railroads. So, though the children were always allowed to express their opinions and make known their wishes in proper time and place, it was well understood that neither opinions nor wishes were of importance enough to take position in the front rank of affairs, but must wait, nicely bridled and held in, until their turn came. And thus it fell out to-day that dinner was over and the dessert set on, and even that nearly finished, before a word could be said about Lily and her strange appearance. Mr. and Mrs. May were discussing some matter of which the young ones understood not a word, but to which Sam gave his undivided attention; and the children were obliged to keep pretty quiet, and to speak softly—when they spoke at all—to each other. Jack, indeed, contrived to say a good deal without speaking a word—knitting his eyebrows, and rolling up his eyes, and making all sorts of inconceivable signs of wonder and admiration; which Lily could not help seeing, do what she would. Little Primrose whispered,

"Oh, Lily! did you really get it done?" and Lily deigned no reply whatever either to words or looks, but went on eating her dinner as fast as she could; so that Clover, really anxious to know the history of such a strange-looking face and neck, yet ventured to ask no questions, but just showed her sympathy by helping Lily to every thing she wanted, and that Clover herself could reach.

At length Mr. May, having finished both his discussion and his apple, found leisure to notice the children, and very soon saw the contrast between the delicately-clean hands of Clover and the red, imperfectly-scrubbed ones of Lily. Mr. May was very particular about hands.

"Had you no soap and water in your room, Lily?" he asked.

"Yes, papa—but—I couldn't get it off!" Lily stammered out with much difficulty.

"It's 'these diggings,' papa," explained Jack.

"Oh! But I thought they were to have gloves?" said Mr. May, looking across the table at his wife.

"And they have," she said, with a smile.

"Useful gloves they must be," said Mr. May, in an ironical tone. "And the sun-bonnet also, extremely valuable."

"Papa, I didn't wear them," said Lily, in whose eyes the drops were gathering fast.

"I inferred as much."

"It was the first time, you know, papa," pleaded Clover, her own eyes growing very misty. "And Lily was so eager—and I think she forgot all about it till she was quite down there."

"No," said Lily, resolutely, "no, papa; I only forgot for a minute—just till I was three steps down the hill. And then I was in a hurry, and I wouldn't go back."

"No excuse at all is the best one that ever was made," said Mr. May, his good-humored smile coming back on the instant. "The whole truth always. But believe me, my dear, *hurry* is a bad digger and planter and every thing else; let *time* help you another day. And be content to have tiger-lilies in your garden; don't transform yourself into one."

"Papa, I don't feel cross," said Lily, understanding the "tiger" in a very literal way. "At least I didn't till Jack made faces at me."

"No, no," said Mr. May, laughing, "that is not what I meant. A tiger-lily, my dear, is a fiery red flower, with black spots. Come away, Jack, and let your sister alone. I have an errand for you."

Poor Lily! such a picture of herself was too much; and her father's amused tone gave it full effect, and was even worse than Jack's laugh. She controlled herself just for one minute, until they were both out of the room, but the next found her on her knees, sobbing out her sorrows in Mrs. May's lap.

"I hate digging!" she burst forth, "and the spade, and the garden, and every thing else! And I don't care who has it all, for I don't want it."

"Oh, Lily!" exclaimed little Primrose. "Not your beautiful garden?"

"No!"

"But where will you put your seeds?" said Primrose, while Clover stood silent and sad.

"In the fire!"

"Poor Lily!" said Mrs. May, gently stroking the head that moved restlessly in her lap; "she is tired and troubled, Prim—don't talk to her just now. When one is troubled, you know, nothing seems pleasant."

Lily burst into a gentler fit of tears at that, seizing her mother's hand and smothering it with kisses; and Clover drew Primrose softly away to the other side of the room. Sam was standing by the mantlepiece, but he did not speak a word; and the silence was first broken by Lily herself.

"Mamma, I didn't speak truth—I don't hate my garden—I love it, oh, so much! And I tried so hard, and I was so disappointed!" and the hot tears dropped down again very fast.

"Yes, I know all about that," said her mother, soothingly; "I watched you all the time, Lily, from my window."

"Oh, mamma, why didn't you call me?" said Lily.

"I thought you were learning so much that I would not interfere."

"Mamma, are you laughing at me?" said Lily, raising her head.

"No indeed."

"But I think you were mistaken, mamma; I don't think I learned any thing," said Lily, sighing. "I dug it *dreadfully*—and so little!"

"Who thought she could dig her garden without help and without teaching?" said Mrs. May.

"Why—oh, is that what you mean? Yes, I did learn *that*," said Lily.

"And you learned the value of a spade like my grandmother's needles," said her mother, smiling.

"Ah, mamma! how well you know me," said Lily. "You thought what was coming."

"Yes, I thought. And you have learned, too, that the way to enjoy one's garden is not to stay in it the whole morning."

"Yes, indeed," said Lily, laying her face wearily on her mother's knee. "I'm as tired as I can be."

"A little lesson on self-conceit, a little lesson on patient painstaking, a little lesson on self-control," said Mrs. May. "That is the morning's work, Lily."

"Yes, mamma. And a great big lesson on obedience; for if I had worn my sun-bonnet and gloves papa would not have called me a tiger-lily."

"Mamma," said Sam, "if lessons are over, may we have a little play? I have a new game in my pocket."

"Play away," said his mother, "if you will only let me look on."

"A new game!" cried Lily, forgetting all her sorrows in a moment.

"Yes. Come, Clover, come, Prim;" and Sam drew up a chair to his mother's side, and the children clustered round him. Sam put on a face of grave importance, and took out of his pocket a rather large package, carefully wrapped up and tied.

"Now," he said, "before we begin our game I must distribute the contents of my package." And carefully opening one end Sam took out a very small paper bag with something printed on the outside.

"'Convolvulus minor—mixed,'" said Sam, reading it off. "Who is the happy owner of this?"

"Oh, it's our seeds! our seeds!" cried Lily, while little Primrose clapped her hands and said, "Oh, mamma!" and Clover's face flushed all over with pleasure. "Sam, you're the very best fellow that ever was! That's mine, Sam—give it to me, quick!"

Sam laughed, and tossed the little packet into her lap; and Lily looked at it, and read the name with eyes that fairly shone with joy.

"Convolvulus minor," she repeated. "Yes, you dear little beauty, you belong to me. What comes next, Sam?"

"'Ipomea grandiflora superba,'" said Sam, taking out another packet.

"Oh!" cried Primrose, with a long-drawn breath of intense gratification, "that's mine!" And no packet of gold dust could have been so received and handled and smiled over.

"'Hyacinth beans,'" read out Sam, turning with bright eyes to his patient-looking oldest little sister, standing so quiet at his side, but with every finger trembling with eagerness. And how they closed upon the little packet, and felt of the beans through the paper, and knew they had never handled such riches before!

Then followed "Zinnias," again for Clover, and "Asters" for Lily, and "Sweet Peas" for Prim; and then one and another, through the whole fragrant list—or three lists—until each little heart was as full of happiness as it well could hold.

"Mamma," said Primrose, "they feel so different! Some are hard and stick all out, and some don't feel as if there was any thing at all inside. Do you think they can be empty, mamma?"

"Listen," said Mrs. May, shaking one of the "empty" papers at Prim's ear.

"Oh, I hear them! It's not empty! The seeds go rattle, rattle!" cried Prim. "And look, mamma, when I hold it up to the light, so, I can see such little, little seeds running all about."

"Such pretty papers!" said Lily, admiringly; "white ground and pink names. But how *can* some of these seeds grow? They look just like dust. Mamma, what makes seeds so different?"

"What makes plants so different? At the command of the Lord 'the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed *after his kind.*'"

"How wonderful it is!" said Clover, using her favorite phrase. "But I wish I understood *how* such little dust-seeds can grow to make plants."

"That will be good work for a rainy day," said Sam. "To-day we must put some of these in the earth, so that they *may* grow."

"Mamma, will all the little seeds make little plants, and all the big seeds big plants?" said Primrose.

"You will see. If I were you," said her mother, "I would write down a description of each kind of seed, and then of the sort of sprout or leaf that each sends up first, and then of the full-sized plant."

"Oh, that will be perfectly delightful!" said Clover. "I like to write about things. Mamma, dear, what a grand person you are to *think!*"

"Ay, and to do," said Sam, wrapping his arms, child-fashion, round her neck. "But now, children, I must go to work for a while for myself, and then we'll go out to the work-shop and sow seeds."

BABY CASTLE.

BABY owns a tiny castle
  On the carpet plains of home,
And its walls are woven willow,
  Fine within from floor to dome;
Snowy curtains at the window;
  Downy couch where baby dreams;
Laces, too, that softly glimmer
  In the sunlight's golden beams.

That's the heritage of baby,
  And he's held in state so grand,
Mother says—if no one else does—
  "He's the king of baby-land."
Here he bravely fights his battles,
  When old puss would slyly creep,
Over guarded moat or turret,
  Just to curl herself in sleep.

All is still in baby's castle,
  Not the slightest noise we make;
Surely, now the rogue is napping;
  Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!
See! the dimpled arms are round us,
  Hear the "cooing" mild and low;
May the angels keep you, darling,
  Every where your feet may go!

Baby's man-at-arms is mother,
  And she watches all day long;
When his babyship would slumber
  Then she sings a loving song.
Soon comes "papa" home at evening,
  Storms the castle all so gay,
Makes a prisoner of baby,
  Bears him joyfully away!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

How was Jonah punished?—Whaled.

They are fond of titles in the East. Among his other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as though he had prepared for a long *reign!*

COUNTER-ATTRACTION.—A pretty saleswoman.

A gentleman, residing near Bogton, drew the attention of the town council to a slough in the road as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it. One day he found, to his amusement, that two councilors had walked into it by accident, and were floundering about in the mire, when he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen of the town council of Bogton, I have often petitioned to your honorable body against this slough, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see you at last moving in the matter."

The mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at the ragged-school, and he asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, Sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, Sir."

A Chinese widow fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly she saw no harm in aiding the operation.

A QUEER PARCEL.—The following somewhat remarkable advertisement appeared in the columns of a recent number of a newspaper: "Lost, by a poor lad tied up in brown paper with a white string, a German flute in an overcoat, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR THE STRAYING OF CATTLE—A pound.

THE WOODMAN'S REPLY.

No mum; this 'ere tree
  Can't be no longer spared;
It'ain't no odds to me
  If Muster Brown was squared;
But Muster Brown sez, "Green,
  You chop that there tree down,"
And what he say he mean,
  Sure-ly, do Muster Brown.

I don't possess the 'ed
  To hargify with you;
A lady born and bred
  Is safe to speak what's true.
But put a case: I takes
  A job from Mr. B.,
And little 'tis I makes
  Out of the likes of he.

Your heart-strings, and all that,
  Round this 'ere tree may cling—
To contradict you flat
  Would not be quite the thing;
But if you talk of shade,
  There's other boughs than these,
And other folks have played,
  Mayhap, round other trees.

It's werry good to feel
  A mysting of the eyes
For chairs of oak or deal,
  And old straw hats likewise—
To keep, if you've a mind,
  The things that make you weep;
I've got no fault to find,
  If they're your own to keep.

But this 'ere old oak-tree,
  As you don't want cut down,
Excuse me, mum, you see,
  Belongs to Muster Brown.
To him you should apply,
  Though 'taint no use, I think;
And if you please, mum, I
  Should like your health to drink.

SOLUTION OF HAUNTED HOUSES.—A haunted house is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extra-ordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

"Johnny, my dear, run to the store and get some sugar," said a mother to her precocious son of eleven years. "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring a paper of tobacco along."

It was a starving corset maker who thus vented his miserable complaint: "Shame that I should be without bread—I that have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

A young poet out West, in describing Heaven, says, "It is a world of bliss, fenced in with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?

A witty doctor of divinity, whose physicians had ordered him for a time on a purely vegetable diet, demurred, on the ground that "he should not be able to say grace before meat."

FACES IN THE FIRE.—Hob-Goblins.

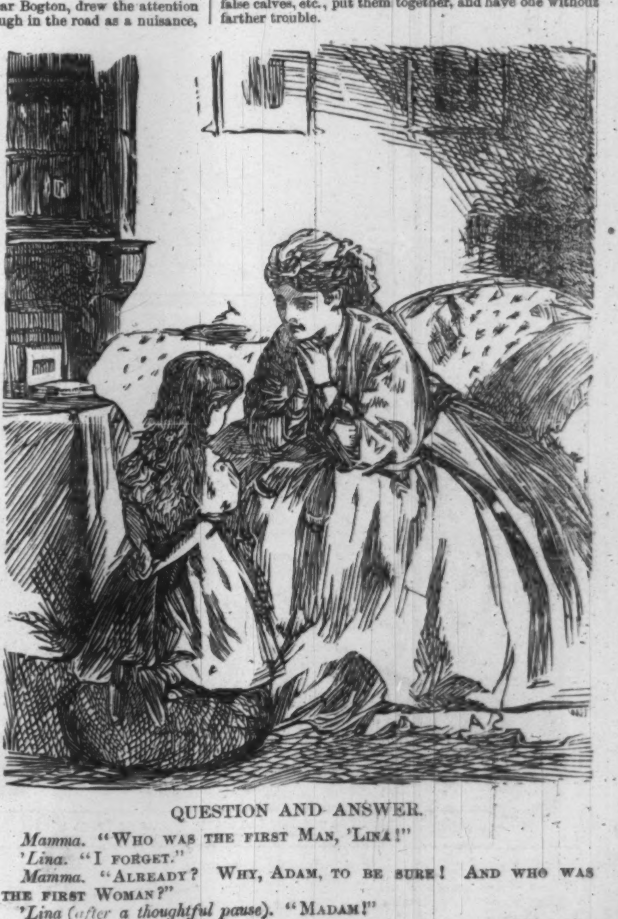
"A stethoscope," says a young medical student, "is a spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your own ears."

A Tennesseean, in London, being asked about the fertility of the soil of his State, declared that they "raised corn enough there to make whisky for all the world, besides what is wasted for bread; and that the pumpkins grew so large it was customary to split a full-sized one in the middle and scoop out either half for a flat-boat, while the little ones made admirable canoes."

"Master," said the clown of a circus, "what is the difference between occupation and business?" "Difference? there is none." "Oh yes, there is. I'll give you an instance: Maximilian's taking possession of Mexico is an occupation, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, he hasn't any business there, has he?"

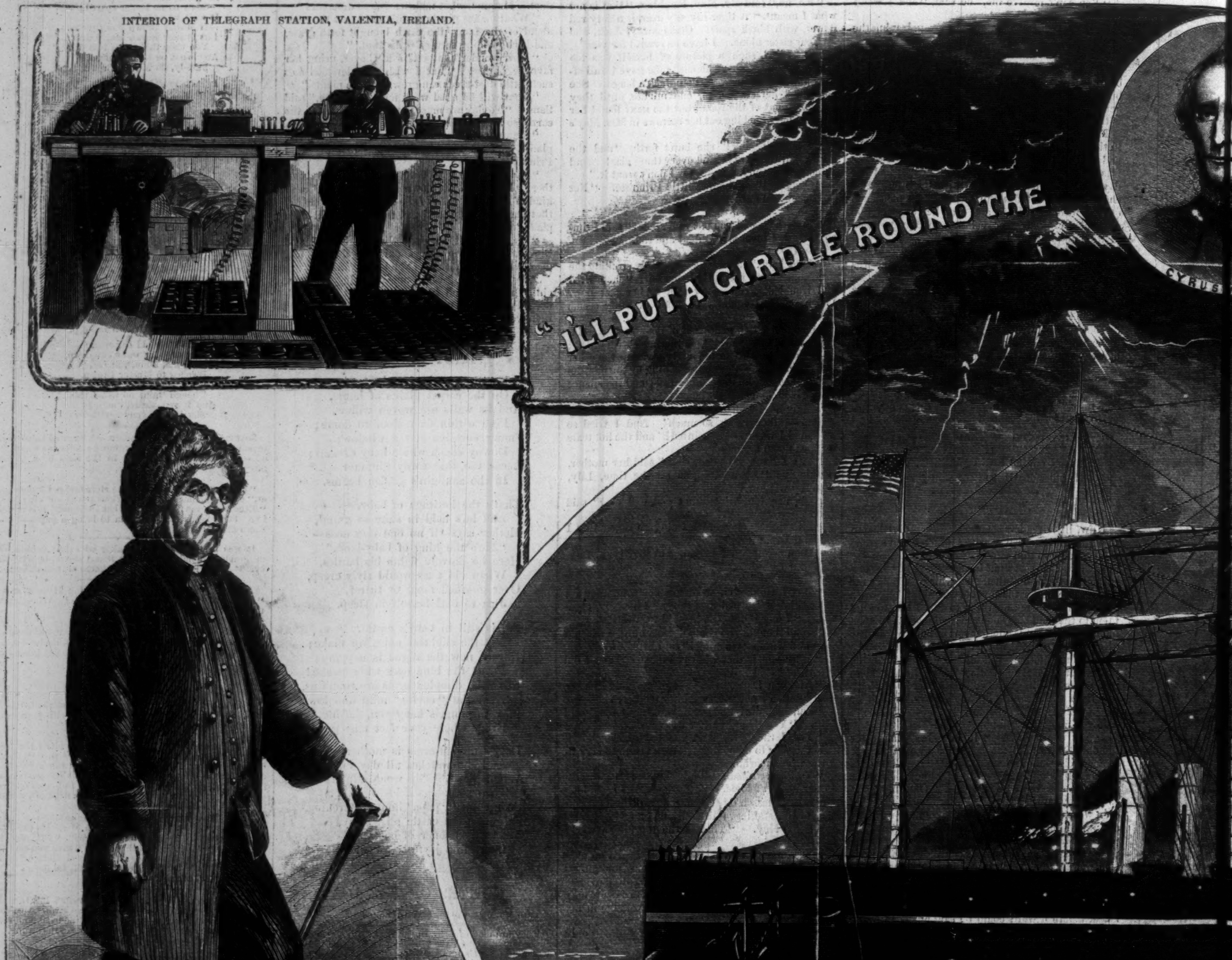
FASHIONABLE.—The latest style of bonnet has turned up. It is described as consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws.

The latest novelty in the "feminine line" is patent eyelashes, now for sale in many city fancy stores. A horrid old bachelor says that the way things are going now, a man that needs a wife will only have to step into a milliner's shop, purchase a waterfall, "plumpers," false curls, false calves, etc., put them together, and have one without farther trouble.

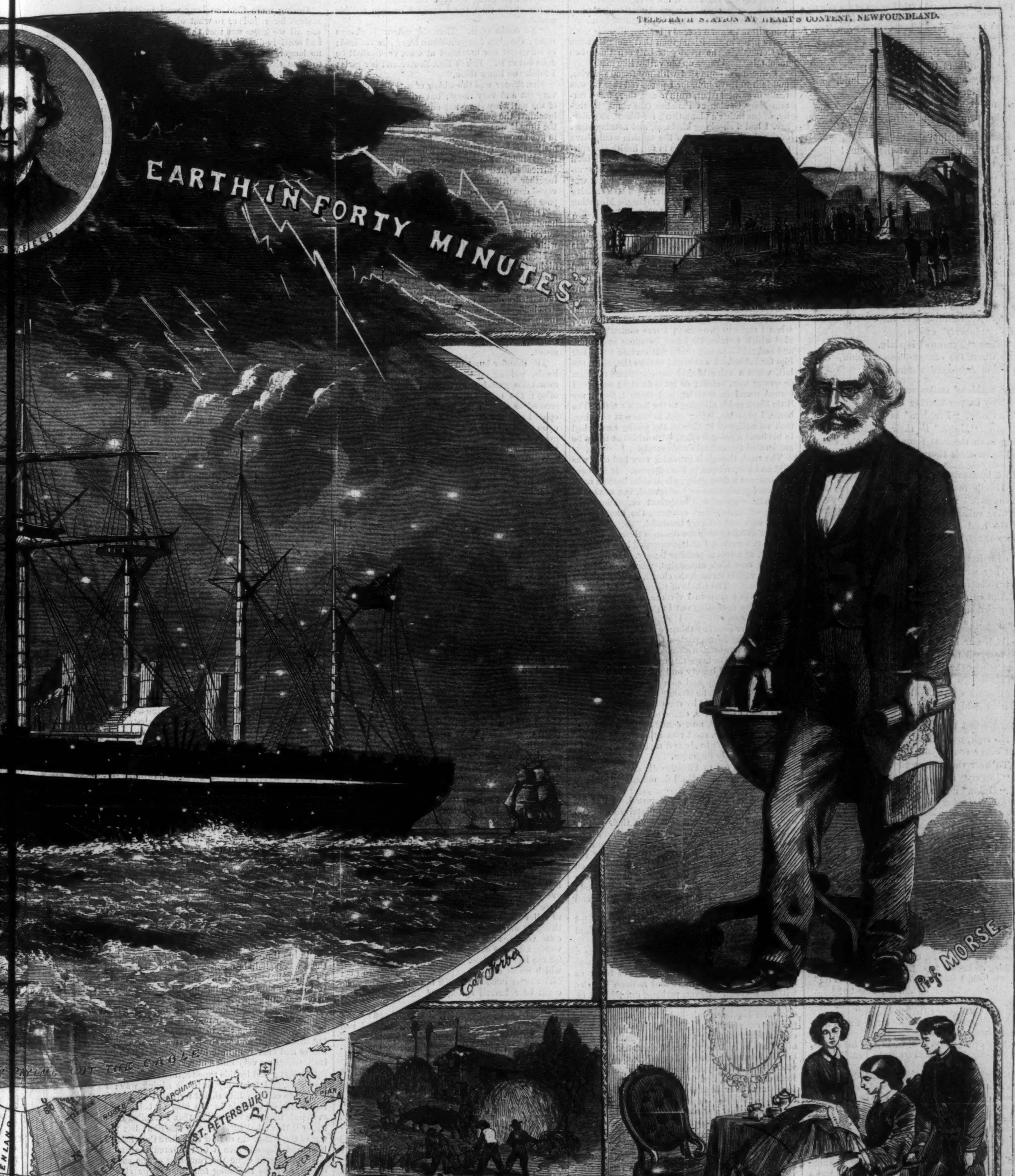


QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Mamma. "WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN, 'LINA!"
'Lina. "I FORGET."
Mamma. "ALREADY? WHY, ADAM, TO BE SURE! AND WHO WAS THE FIRST WOMAN?"
'Lina (after a thoughtful pause). "MADAM!"


INTERIOR OF TELEGRAPH STATION, VALENTIA, IRELAND.
"I'LL PUT A GIRDLE ROUND THE
CYRUS
B. FRANKLIN.
Presᵗ JOHNSON reading the morning's news from EUROPE.
THE GREAT EASTERN
SALT LAKE
NORTH AMERICA
HUDSONS BAY
GREENLAND
ST LOUIS
N. ORLEANS
WASHINGTON
NEW YORK
HALIFAX
ST JOHNS

THE GIRDLERS OF THE EARTH:—THE A


TELEGRAPH STATION AT HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.
EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES."
S W. FIELD
Prof. MORSE
Queen VICTORIA reading the news from AMERICA.
PAYING OUT THE CABLE
EUROPE
ST. PETERSBURG
ARCHANGEL
VIENNA
CONSTANTINOPLE
PARIS
LONDON

E ATLANTIC CABLE LAID.—[See Page 502.]

THE WELCOME.

[Respectfully dedicated to the Signers of the Call for a "Convention of Loyal Southerners," which is appointed to meet at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday, September 3, 1866.]

Room for the Spartan Band
Of brothers true and tried;
The joy and hope of this fair land,
Its glory and its pride!
Faithful amidst the faithless found,
Where'er they tread 'tis holy ground.

From Mississippi's streams,
Hurrah! they come! they come!
The eagle of that State
Well knows its ancient home;
From Carolina's groves of pines,
And where the dark "Palmetto" shines.

City of Penn! thine arms
Extend, and wide unfold;
With welcome greet the trusty ones,
The loyal and the bold!
Honor the vet'rans brave who fight
In treason's camp for Truth and Right

Come from Virginia's shore,
Where, standing o'er the chain,
Fair "Liberty" exults
That "Tyranny" is slain.
From where the orange-blossoms blow,
To where Arkansas' waters flow.

Let maidens' smiles reward
The banner-bearing bands
Who carry "Freedom" in their hearts
And "Union" in their hands!
Bring forth the best from "Beauty's" bowers
And strew their thorny paths with flowers.

In Alabama's chart
Dwells many a gallant son;
Tennessee's mountaineers
Are valiant every one:
Let the loud summons rend the air
Where the Lone Star is sparkling fair!

As in that noble hall
They weigh their hopes and cares,
With cheers we'll gild its wall,
And carpet it with prayers.
Meet guerdons to such men of worth
From the free millions of the North!

Call all our brethren forth:
From where the pillars stand,
And where the bird broods on her nest,
Louisiana's land.
Call all—and on the roll of Fame
Blazon in gold each loyal name!

Now hushed be every voice—
No sigh, no sound be heard;
Let every soul rejoice
To hear the whispered word.
'Tis "Liberty" from shore to shore,
And "Union" now and evermore!

JOHN.

INCH BY INCH.

ONE fine morning in August I arose at early dawn, and had just finished dressing myself, when an old black woman put her head into my room, exclaiming: "Hy, is you dressed, massa?" and seeing that I was, she went on: "I bring de coffee and cigars; how de dis maaning, massa?"

"Come in, Judy," I answered; "I'm all right. But what is the matter? You don't look well."

"I is rader poorly, tank God!" she replied.

Judy did not leave the room, as usual, when I had taken my coffee; so, knowing that she had got something on her mind, of which she wished to disburden herself, I said: "Well, Judy, what is it?"

"Will massa look at de 'rometer bum-by?"

"Look at the barometer! What for, Judy?"

"I tink we is goin' to hab hurricane."

"A hurricane! Why, there never was a finer morning came out of the heavens."

"Dat for true, massa; but we is goin' to hab hurricane for all dat. Massa no go to Paradise dish day."

"Not go to Paradise! Why not, Judy?"

"Paradise nice place in fine wedder; but him too much near de mountains for safe in hurricane."

"Well, I'll look at the glass as soon as I have finished my coffee; but as to not going to Paradise, that's out of the question."

The old woman left me; and, finishing my coffee, I stepped out to examine the barometer. It stood at 30.0, and, as I have said, the morning was a splendid one; so, knowing that there was a young lady at Paradise who was expecting me, I laughed at Old Judy's fears, and determined to start.

At this moment my friend came bustling out of his room. "How's the glass, Tom? Judy says we are going to have a storm, and she's always right."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "The glass is as firm as a rock; and as to Judy's feelings, that's all nonsense."

"Ah! but I tell you it's no such thing. I've been in four hurricanes, and Judy has foretold every one of them. We may not get it to-day; but she's better than any weather-glass; so, if you take my advice, you will defer your trip to the Gordons."

"Stuff!" I replied. "I gave my word, and go I shall! I don't want to drag you out, if you're afraid, but you must not think to frighten me."

"Ah, my dear boy!" answered my friend, "when you have had one taste of a West Indian hurricane you will not want a second; besides, there is not a worse place in the island than that same Paradise of Gordon's. The wind gets between those two mountains, and rages up the valley like mad."

I was duly impressed with my friend's advice, and loth to leave him, for I perceived that he was really in earnest; but, truth to say, there was a certain Mary Gordon at Paradise (the name, by-the-by, of her father's plantation), for whom, as sailors say, I had a sneaking kindness, and nothing short of the absolute presence of the tornado would have stopped me. Besides, I was in full health and spirits; and it was not likely that I, who had been knocking about in all parts of the world, could sympathize with the feelings of an ancient black woman, or with those of the climate-worn and sensitive old planter with whom I was staying. Mounting my horse, therefore, with a black boy for a guide, I started on my journey.

I rode on at a brisk pace, for there is something in the early breeze of a tropical morning which is peculiarly refreshing, and diffuses a buoyant elasticity into your frame, which is only to be restrained by active exercise. In addition to this, the scenery through which I was traveling was of the most enchanting description; while I, with a light heart, was speeding on to seek a creole houri in a tropical "Paradise." I had got about one-third of the way, when I came to two roads; I was somewhat puzzled which to take, for I had forgotten my guide, and had ridden so fast that I felt certain I had left him far behind. I was about to take the one to the left, when a voice behind me exclaimed: "Him de wrung way, massa; de lef is de right way." I turned round in surprise, and there I found my little black guide clinging to the horse's tail. The horse, I presume, being used to this sort of thing, took no notice of it, though the young rascal had in his hand a pointed stick, with which at times he accelerated the animal's movements.

The road, though it proved a very bad one, was wild and picturesque in the extreme. It followed the course of a deep gully, whose sides became more and more precipitous as I advanced, but were covered with a green and luxuriant vegetation, consisting of bushes and creepers, the blossoms on which were marvelously beautiful.

After wending for some distance through the bottom of this ravine, I at last emerged into the open country, at a spot of peculiar beauty. On my right and left rose high mountains, whose peaks, now and then visible through the clouds, seemed to reach the heavens. The whole of these mountains were clothed with a perpetual verdure, while before me was a valley spreading out in grassy slopes to the edge of the sea.

I had never seen any thing so truly grand. I was fascinated; for in no part of the world is the imagination so powerfully affected by scenic effect as in the tropics. The majestic grandeur of the mountains, the mingled beauty and variety of the vegetation, and the deep and sombre forests, were all new to me. Then the strange convolutions of the clouds, which, pressed by the wind against the opposite side of the sierra, came rolling and tumbling over the mountains, now concealing and now disclosing some of the most romantic spots in nature, excited in me such lively and rapturous interest as could not be easily forgotten.

"Massa no get to Paradise dis day if him 'top looking at de mountains all de maaning," said my little guide.

Admonished by this I again started. I had not proceeded much further when I perceived that Old Judy's prognostics were not without their significance, for a brilliant though ominous scene presented itself to my view. A tremendous bank of black clouds had risen up, as it were, out of the bosom of the ocean, and hung almost stationary on the distant horizon. I was looking at this when all at once it seemed moved as by a mighty wind; mass after mass of murky vapor rolled up, and spread themselves athwart the heavens.

"Hurricane do come, massa, now for true!" cried my little Cupid. "Ole Judy always right; and massa no make haste de rain catch we."

I did not heed what the boy said, for it was a strange and magnificent sight upon which I was gazing. One half of the heavens was black as night, and the other bright and radiant, the sky without a cloud. Never, perhaps, did the eye of man rest upon a greater contrast, never was a scene of greater loveliness mingled with one of more appalling magnificence. The contrast reached its climax when suddenly from out the dark pall flash after flash of lightning descended into the sea, and the thunder, after growling hoarsely in the distance, was echoed back by the mountains, reverberating from cliff to cliff, and from rock to rock. It was Peace and War personified; but, alas! the blue sky, the emblem of peace, was being fast swallowed up by the rolling war-cloud, which, in all the majesty of angry nature, was hastening to blot out all that remained of tranquillity and beauty.

At last I turned to go. Both my horse and my guide seemed impressed with the necessity of exertion, and I found myself, as it were, racing with the storm; but before I could reach my friend's plantation the clouds were flying over my head, and the wind was howling aloft as though a gale was blowing; though, below, there was not a breath of air, not a leaf stirred, and not a ripple ruffled the placid sea.

Paradise now appeared in view; and it well deserved its name, for a more beautifully situated place I had never seen. By the time I reached the house it began to rain, and, leaping from my horse, I dashed up the steps into the hall. I was warmly greeted by Mr. Gordon and his two daughters; for though Mary was not quite so demonstrative as Grace, the glance of her eye and the rose upon her cheek told me that I was not *un*welcome.

"Very glad you are come," said Mr. Gordon, "though we did not expect you. But how is it the colonel is not with you?"

"He would not come because Old Judy prophesied we were going to have a hurricane. I laughed at her at the time, but I fancy I made a terrible mistake."

"No doubt of it. That old woman is always right; the glass has gone down like a lump of lead; so let us get our breakfast at once, or we shall be done out of it. Here's Mrs. Seuter and her girls; I think you know them."

Mrs. Seuter was the widow of a Scotch planter, very fat and very fussy; but with the remainder of the party my story has nothing to do. During breakfast the wind increased in violence, and by the time it was over the hurricane had commenced in good earnest. Mr. Gordon seeing this, immediately set about making preparations to withstand it. Windows and doors were hastily but strongly barricaded, and the most portable articles of value, together with a quantity of provisions, were conveyed down a trap-door into a cellar, built on purpose for safety during hurricanes.

This was scarcely accomplished when the field-hands and the whole population of the village came hurrying up to seek for shelter and companionship with their master and his family.

Meantime the whole sky had become as black as night, the clouds as they advanced descending almost to the surface of the sea, which was now lashed into the wildest fury by the gale. Every now and then flashes of the most vivid lightning burst from the clouds, and descending were instantly engulfed in the sea; the next moment they reappeared from beneath the white foam, and apparently ascending toward the sky were met by other masses hovering above.

The thunder burst in appalling crashes over our heads, waking up the echoes of the neighboring mountains, and shaking the house to its very foundation; the rain, too, descended in cataracts: it seemed as though the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the eternal waters were pouring down upon us. To add to the awfulness of the scene, it gradually became as dark as pitch, the wind every instant increasing in intensity.

About eleven o'clock the noise of the gale was something I had never before heard, and yet every moment it seemed to wax stronger and stronger, till it increased to such an overwhelming roar that the strongest efforts of the human voice, in closest proximity, were quite unheard.

The building began to show by its quakings that it was time to get below into a place of greater safety. The negroes were therefore roused from their stupor, and by signs desired to go below.

The house by this time had become little better than a rocking vessel, while a shower of shingles and tiles was every instant swept from the roof. Very soon all, save Mr. Gordon, were safely conveyed below, Mary and I being the last to descend. As we did so a loud crash proclaimed that something had fallen; and I darted back to see if any accident had happened to my host. When I got back to the room I found him uninjured; but a sudden break in the clouds and a gleam of light disclosed an extraordinary sight to me. The air was filled with missiles of all descriptions—branches of trees, huge stones, beams, and all sorts of movables, which were driven along with incredible speed.

Suddenly a violent shock was felt, sending a thrill through my heart, for I expected to see the whole house come falling upon us. The clouds had once more closed up, and darkness again covered the earth, the rapidly repeated flashes of lightning only rendering it more impenetrable; while the roaring of the wind, and the crashing of the thunder, made up a hideous tumult such as appalled the heart, and almost annihilated the mind.

I have but a very dim recollection of what afterward transpired, till I found myself descending the ladder with Mr. Gordon; but I know that before we closed the trap the storm had resumed its empire, and the vibration of the walls told me they could not stand long unless it abated. When we had done this, though the sounds from above were every now and then startling and appalling, we were in comparative quietude, and were enabled to relieve our dumb-show by the interchange of thoughts and feelings. To hear the sound of our own voices, and communicate our thoughts by words, after the overpowering din by which we had for the last hour been encompassed, was a comfort which words can not express. The relief to poor Mrs. Seuter must have been immense, for now she could hear herself speak, and listen to her own groans.

"The Lord preserve us!" she exclaimed; "but this is awful. I shall die with fright. If I had never left Aberdeen I should never have— Gracious powers, what's that? We shall all be swallowed up!"

At this moment there was a report, and then a rolling crash over our heads, which made the earth shake beneath us.

"That's the house gone," said Mr. Gordon, quietly. "I expected it would not hold up long."

This was followed by a wail among the negresses, and a young girl rose up, exclaiming: "Eh, me Gad! I lef me piccaniny sleep: warra I do now? Tan away der—tan away—let me go fetch him."

"Chough-body!" replied an old woman; "you is mad; you lef you senses wid you piccaniny too. Tan till. Garramighty take care ob piccaniny now—nobody else can."

This, however, did not seem to afford much comfort to the poor girl, who did nothing but sit and wail.

My mind had hitherto been so occupied that I had not time to take in the peculiarities of the scene by which we were surrounded. Immured in a large, dark vault, lit only by the feeble rays of two candles and a lamp which hung from the ceiling, there was just sufficient light to give every thing, except those within the radius of these lights, a grotesque or diabolical aspect. The negroes in the distance, most of whom were huddled on the floor, appeared the very personification of spirits of darkness awaiting their condemnation; one old negro, tall and spectral, in the back-ground, looking like a malevolent demon gloating over their fall.

During more than an hour we remained in a state of incertitude as to what was going on above us: all we knew was that the noise of the storm had sensibly diminished. At last I could hold out no longer, and mounting the ladder, I endeavored to open the trap, that I might see what was the state of things above ground. I undid the latch, and essayed to lift up the door; but my strength was not sufficient to lift it. I called up Mr. Gordon and one of the negroes; but our united strength failed to move it; and at last, after repeated efforts, we were fain to give over, for it became clear that the ruins of the house had fallen over us, and till assistance could be obtained from above we were prisoners. Our position was by no means an enviable one, for we had no idea when, even if ever, we should be released, and our stock of food was very scanty. But this was not the worst evil we had to encounter, for presently, as we sat, a low mysterious rumbling came from the bowels of the earth. A few minutes elapsed, and then the noise increased—reached us—the earth rose under our feet—the whole edifice reeled—the walls cracked—and the ladder leading to the trap split into fragments, and fell among the negroes, whose wild and despairing cries rent the vault. It was a moment of intense agony. We all stood transfixed with awe, for we expected nothing less than that the earth was about to open and swallow us up.

No sooner had the earthquake passed than a new danger menaced us. Through one of the cracks in the wall water was flowing rapidly, and the floor of the vault was already covered some inches deep. At first, neither Mrs. Seuter nor the negroes seemed to comprehend this; but as the water rapidly increased, Mrs. Seuter became alive to her peril.

"Why," she exclaimed, starting up, "we shall all be drowned! Is there no means of escape? Can you think of no way of extricating us?" she asked of me.

"None whatever," I replied. "We are in the hands of God; He alone can help us, if it is His good pleasure."

The old lady's countenance became ashy pale, and then she threw up her arms and shrieked: "I can't die—I won't die! Will nobody save me? I'll give any thing—I'll buy your freedom, and make you rich," she continued, turning to the negroes.

"Ess, ma'am, we save you if we can; we no let buckra ladies die if we help it; but negger life as good as any body's, and bum-by, when de water come ober de head, we no help ourselves: we all be like den—we all be free, and rich too, de Lord be praise!"

As the water rose it was quite a study to watch the faces of those about me, particularly of the negroes. The gradual transition from anxiety to fear, and from that to the wildest despair, would have been ludicrous in the extreme had not our situation been so appalling.

While all around were crying and wailing, however, Mary and Grace were perfectly quiet. Their courage did not fail them for an instant, though the water had now reached above their knees. In the faces of these two girls might be read that uncomplaining patience, that high and enduring fortitude, which is a special characteristic of Anglo-tropical women. The contrast between their calmness and the wild despair of Mrs. Seuter and the negroes was very noticeable. It was a time to try the courage of any one. Mr. Gordon I knew was not wanting in courage, but his fortitude seemed to have forsaken him. His looks were wild; the muscles of his mouth twitched and quivered, and now and then he muttered something that I could not hear.

Inch by inch the water rose till it reached my waistcoat. One by one the buttons disappeared, as each minute our enemy gained upon us. Still I was loth to relinquish all hope. Meantime, not a word had been uttered or an exclamation made by Mr. Gordon or his daughters. Mrs. Seuter had ceased her cries, for she had persuaded a tall negro to hoist her upon his shoulders, where she sat grasping one of the candles with great satisfaction. She was in a fool's paradise, for she did not remember that the instinct of life was as strong in the negro as in herself, and that the moment the water rose high enough to endanger the life of the negro he would in all probability leave her to her fate. No, there was no help or escape for us, and all we could do was calmly to wait the approach of that death which was slowly creeping upon us. A moment of more awful suspense could not be contemplated. I have been through many perils, but never any thing like this. A man may be brave when his blood is hot, and the tide of battle carries him on; but to stand still and see the grim destroyer coming nearer and nearer, minute by minute, and inch by inch, requires a very different sort of courage.

The water had by this time reached almost to our shoulders, and I felt my fortitude giving way: I wanted to call aloud, to shriek for help; there was something so horrible in the idea of being thus drowned, like rats in a cellar, that I recoiled from it. All this takes little time to describe; but the rise of the water was so slow that more than half an hour had elapsed since it first entered the vault. And now again came the rumbling of the earthquake, and the sickening sensation of its shock. The place shook, the water was agitated, and partially subsided. For a time I could not believe my eyes; I expected to see it rise again; but I watched it closely, and found, to my great joy, that it was rapidly diminishing. It was certainly a moment of intense relief, though our danger was not all over. We were saved from immediate death; but how were we to be extricated from our living tomb? how were we to make our situation known to others?

For several hours we remained in this state—part of the time with the additional horror of darkness, for the lights had burned out, and we had no others to replace them. I can't tell if I or any one else slept, but I know that after a time we all appeared in a state of stupor, for not a word was uttered. At one time I fancied my senses were leaving me, for my brain was filled with strange, unearthly visions.

From this I was suddenly aroused by the most appalling shrieks.

"What is it?" asked I. "What is the matter?"

"The water coming in again! Don't you hear it?" cried Mrs. Seuter.

I listened. There was a noise certainly, but it did not appear to be that of water; then it ceased. I felt about me; but my senses were so numbed that I could not tell if the water was rising or falling, or, indeed, if there was any water at all. I listened again, and most certainly there were sounds, and that they came from above was unmistakable. At first they were indistinct, but each moment they became plainer, and at last I could distinguish the blows of picks, then the noise of shovels, and these at last were mingled with the shouts of human voices. Help was truly at hand. The sense of reprieve from such a situation was more than the most stoical could have borne with indifference, and we all joined in the shouts of the negroes to their comrades above. A few minutes after this, to our inexpressible delight, the trap opened, and a gleam of sunlight burst in upon us.

I shall not attempt to depict our feelings or the wild joy of the negroes both above and below; nor shall I be able to give any correct notion of the manner in which Mrs. Seuter conducted herself, so frantic was her joy. I only know that Mr. Gordon and his two daughters embraced me in their excitement, and that I thought the latter experience very agreeable.

Our final deliverance was delayed for some time for the want of a ladder. While one was being procured the negroes and people above were very anxious to know if we were all safe.

"Dar Massa Gordon," said one.

"And dar Misse Grace and Mary," exclaimed another.

"And de leetle buckra, Massa Onzon" (the nearest approximation to Spunyarn a negro could make), "he all right too."

"Me piccaniny, me piccaniny!" cried the poor young mother from below.

"Ah, Psyche!" answered a man's voice from the trap, "you is bad girl. You lef your child in de bed, and you tink nothing ob him, but run way and take care ob yourself; but he all right, tank God!"

It is singular, but nevertheless true, that amidst the wreck of the negro village the child was found unhurt, and, a few minutes after we reached the ground, was in the arms of its mother.

The first thing we did on arriving at the surface was to look round to see the devastation which the hurricane had produced.

The scene of destruction which our eyes fell upon was something which baffles description. The whole face of the country was, as it were, changed. It looked as though a burning blast had traversed the island, for, where yesterday every thing was green and luxuriant, all was now bare and black. So marvelous a transformation in so short a time I had never seen: vegetation, human habitations, and animal life had all vanished.

Paradise itself was a mass of ruins, and the sugar-works were greatly damaged; but Mr. Gordon bore his loss with great equanimity.

Our rescue was due to a party of hands employed at a cove about a mile and a half distant from the house, where Mr. Gordon had a landing-place, and who, although they had been exposed to the full fury of the gale, escaped uninjured, and at daybreak started to look after the safety of their master. We were immured in the vault for more than twenty-four hours—the longest day and night, by far, that I can remember.

RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

A MOST valuable work on the Resources and Prospects of America has just appeared from the pen of Sir Morton Peto. In a volume of moderate size, he presents us with a great mass of statistical information, carefully compiled from the bulky Reports of the Commissioners of the Census of the United States, and from other sources not easy of access to readers in general. The work is, however, far from being a mere compilation; on some parts of the subject the author writes from personal observation, and on every part he freely offers his own opinions and reflections.

Sir Morton Peto begins by referring to the remarkable fact of the prosperity of America even during the trying time of the Civil War; for this he accounts by attributing it to the "wonderful elasticity of the resources of the United States." The national debt, which was only sixty-five million of dollars at the commencement of the war, or thirteen million pounds sterling, is now almost three thousand million of dollars, or six hundred million pounds sterling; but such is the confidence of the people in the resources of their country that they expect it to be all paid off in thirty years, or even in a shorter time. "From the President at Washington," Sir S. M. Peto says, "down to the humblest agriculturist in the Far West, I found but one prevailing feeling respecting the debt." He was referred to the experience of the past. He was told "that the debt entailed by the war of 1812 was wholly discharged from the ordinary sources of revenue in a period of nineteen years; and that practically the burden of that debt had never been felt by any body, though, considering the difference in the numerical population, the capital, wealth, and the future prospects of the country, it was almost as great a debt, in proportion, as the present."

Chief among the natural resources of the country is its fertile soil, of which more and more is every year brought into cultivation. The extremely rapid increase of the population is in part due to the facility with which the means of subsistence and of comfort are obtained by all who are capable of work, but in great part to immigration. The population of the United States was only 5,305,925 in 1800, and in 1860 it was 31,429,000; but it is calculated that "of the whole population in 1863, the immigrants of the present century and their descendants number more than twenty-one million, or two-thirds of the whole."* The immigrants are derived from all countries of Europe, but in greatest numbers from Great Britain and Ireland. Many Chinese have recently settled in California. The encouragement afforded to the settler is very great. If he is the head of a family, or twenty-one years of age, he receives from the Government, substantially as a free gift, one hundred and sixty acres of land; and each of his children, on attaining the age of twenty-one years, receives the like. If he chooses to pursue his trade, or to seek employment as a laborer in any of the large towns or in the more densely-peopled parts of the country, he finds wages much higher than in Europe, and the necessaries of life comparatively cheap. The high price of labor generally compels the settler who becomes a farmer to depend on himself and his family for the cultivation of his farm, but he can confidently reckon on produce more than sufficient for his support. The increase of population in some of the newly-settled districts has been extremely rapid. Minnesota in 1849 had a population little exceeding four thousand; in 1860 the population exceeded one hundred and seventy-two thousand; and in 1864 it was estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand. Wisconsin had only 5318 inhabitants in 1830, and in 1860 it had 775,881. Indiana had a population of 4875 in 1800, and in 1860 a population of 1,350,428. The annual produce of wheat in this State is now nearly ten million bushels, and of Indian corn upward of seventy million bushels.

The prosperity of California began with the discovery of gold, but it is already a wheat-exporting country, and seems likely to become the granary of the Pacific. The rapid prosperity of the States is generally due to their agricultural resources. Sir S. M. Peto says: "I hope I shall not wound the national esteem of my American friends when I say that I regard their country as essentially agricultural, and by no means essentially commercial or manufacturing. But I think their own records establish my position. Of about 8,217,000 heads of families and other individuals whose occupations were recorded at the period of the census of 1860, it appears that upward of three million, or more than one-third, were directly occupied in the tillage of the soil....On the other hand, the number of merchants and clerks in America is only three hundred thousand....The population engaged in manufactures does not assume a very large proportion to the whole population."

The American estimate of American manufactures, and of the number of people engaged in them, is only reached "by including all the fishermen, blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, mantua-makers, seamstresses, painters, varnishers, printers, hatters, masons, mariners, millers, sawyers, lumbermen, and handicraftsmen of every sort in the community." Manufacturing industry, properly so called, is almost entirely confined to a few of the Northern States.

The extent of improved land in farms in the United States, according to the census returns of 1860, was 163,110,720 acres; the extent of unimproved land included in farms was 244,101,818 acres; and the uncultivated territory not yet included in farms was 1,466,969,862 acres. The rapid progress of agriculture is shown by the fact, that while the cash value of the farms under actual cultivation in 1850 was estimated at $3,271,575,000, it had risen in 1860 to $6,645,045,000—being an increase of no less than 103 per cent. in these ten years. The amount of agricultural produce has also increased even during the war. In consequence of the high price of labor, the farming is generally very imperfect; yet, mainly from the advantage of climate, the American farmer is able to produce a bushel of wheat at much less cost than the most scientific farmer in England can. The wheat, well protected by the deep snow in winter, comes rapidly forward in the cool weather of spring, and the bright sunshine of the summer months brings it to great perfection. Wheat and Indian corn are the grains principally cultivated in the more northern parts of America. Rice is grown in some parts of the South. Indian corn supplies the principal part of the food of the people, both in the North and in the South. It is of extremely easy cultivation, and its productiveness is far beyond that of other grains. Pease and beans are largely cultivated in America. Potatoes are produced in great quantities in the Northern States, and sweet-potatoes in the South. Turnips are little cultivated, the climate being too dry. The dairy produce, both of butter and cheese, is large. The improvement of quality in American cheese since it began to be imported into Britain has attracted the notice of almost every consumer. It is accounted for by the establishment of a great "cheese-factory" system in the dairy districts of the State of New York and neighboring regions. "Each farmer sends his milk to the dairy, and is credited for the quantity supplied. Skilled persons are employed at the factories to make the cheese, and it has been found that these factories turn out an article of far better quality than used to be made in private dairies." The prices of grain and dairy produce in America depend mainly upon the prices in London. The exports of grain from the United States in 1863 amounted to 77,396,082 bushels, of which 47,082,026 bushels were sent to Great Britain and Ireland. The grain-trade was rapidly developed after the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, and of late years it has increased with wonderfully accelerated rapidity; much grain produced in the Northwestern States finding its way eastward by the Erie Canal, much of it from the lake ports by the St. Lawrence, and much of it by the railways. Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, which was scarcely inhabited twenty-five years ago, and which exported only 4000 bushels of grain and flour in 1841, exported 18,712,380 bushels in 1863.

Wool is not yet an important article of produce in the United States, although in some places there are fancy farms, where great attention is paid to the breeds of sheep; and merino sheep of unsurpassed, or perhaps unequaled, excellence are to be found in Vermont; but California is expected soon to become a great wool-producing country. The climate of the Atlantic States is not suited to the silk-worm, and attempts at silk-culture there have failed; but it is supposed that it may succeed admirably in the Pacific States.

Nowhere in the world is the feeding of swine so important a branch of rural economy as in some parts of the United States. Cincinnati has long been celebrated for its trade in pork. The hog is killed, cut up, and packed by machinery. Cincinnati kills and exports four hundred thousand hogs per annum. Chicago has, however, lately acquired even greater importance as a pork-exporting town. A million of hogs are killed annually at Chicago. It is now, indeed, not only the largest market in the world for pork, but also for corn and timber, although it was but a mere Indian trading-station 'till 1830, and its pork-trade began in 1835 with the "packing" and exportation of three hundred hogs.

The high price of labor has stimulated invention, and no people have so abounded as the Americans in mechanical contrivances to supply the want of human hands. Many of these machines—as the sewing-machine—have been brought to Europe, and some of them are extensively used in Britain, although less important to us from the comparative cheapness of labor. As might be expected, many of the American inventions are intended to facilitate the labors of agriculture.

Of the textile manufactures of America, that of cotton is by far the most important, but the number of spindles is not much more than one-sixth of that employed in Britain; moreover, much of the cotton spun in America is spun in the cotton-producing States, to be used in the form of cordage, or made into cotton bags and packing-cloths. Notwithstanding the duties imposed in the United States, great quantities of cotton goods of British manufacture are imported. The linen manufacture is inconsiderable. Sir S. M. Peto does not hesitate to condemn the whole system of protective duties, by which American manufactures are unnaturally fostered, as injurious to America itself and to the world. As to the protective duties on cotton goods, he says: "Not only are the Americans thereby unnaturally raising the price of an article of the largest consumption among every class of their own community, but they are actually raising this price at their own expense as growers and exporters of the raw material from which these articles are made; and all this for the protection of an interest which can not compete with its rivals in its own market, and can not produce any thing like the quantity required for the use of its own population."

Sir S. M. Peto is very zealous in his advocacy of free trade. He expresses his confidence that as the people of Britain refused to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of agriculturists, so the people of America will ere long refuse to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of manufacturers. The whole question has a special importance at present, in view of the commercial relations between the United States and the British provinces in North America. It seems almost impossible that any other system than that of free trade can long prevail between countries so situated as those on the northern and southern banks of the St. Lawrence. Under an opposite system, smuggling can not fail soon to become an evil of most formidable magnitude on the long line of the frontier.

The mineral wealth of the United States is very great. Gold is found in some of the Eastern States, particularly in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; and the gold-producing region of the West—still very partially explored—includes the States of California and Oregon, and the Territories of Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Dacotah, Washington, Colorado, Montana, and Arizona—an area of more than a million of square miles, extending from British Columbia on the north to Mexico on the south, and from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Silver-mining may be said to be only in its infancy, although in New Mexico and Arizona, which were acquired from Mexico in 1848, silver-mines have long been worked. In the hands of another race, and under a better government, they will now probably soon become greatly more numerous and productive. An immense lode of silver ore, known as the Comstock Lode, has been discovered in Nevada, and nearly one hundred different companies have obtained the right to work parts of it. A fine city, called Virginia City, has sprung up in close proximity to these mines, with a population already of more than ten thousand; and the whole of Nevada is rapidly increasing in population, while new silver-mines are continually being opened in different localities.

Iron ore exists in great abundance in the United States, and is widely distributed. Perhaps in no part of the world is it more abundant than in the State of Missouri, where great hills are entirely formed of it. Little, however, has yet been done to turn the iron ore of Missouri to account. The district is deficient in coal, and the railway system is too incomplete to supply this want. Another district, extremely rich in iron ore, but hitherto almost unproductive, lies in the northern part of Georgia, passing into Alabama. It is in Pennsylvania and New Jersey that iron ore is at present most largely worked. There are iron-producing districts also in New England, New York, Ohio, Virginia, and both the Carolinas; and during the last ten years a considerable amount of capital has been invested in iron-mining in Michigan, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. But the iron-masters of America can hardly hold their ground, as yet, against competition with imported iron. The vast supplies of iron ore which America possesses are rather to be regarded as a store for future ages than as a source of wealth to be largely developed in the present. There are very rich mines of copper on the shores of Lake Superior, near Kee-wee-nah Point, where masses of native copper of extraordinary size have been found. Copper-mines have also long been wrought in New Mexico. Lead is wrought, but not to a great extent, in Missouri, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Quicksilver has been found in California, but the produce is not yet very considerable.

The coal-fields of America are the greatest in the world. They are computed to be thirty-six times the extent of those of Great Britain and Ireland. They are chiefly situated in the basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The whole annual produce of coal, however, does not yet amount to much more than fourteen million tons, or about one-fifth of that of Britain. Wood is the ordinary fuel for domestic purposes, and is even employed for steam-engines, while the Americans dispense with steam wherever they can, and avail themselves of their "water-privileges." The abundance of iron, coal, and limestone in America, however, is suggestive of great expectations concerning the future, when the country shall be more densely peopled, and able to make use of its own mineral treasures.

Sir S. M. Peto devotes a chapter to petroleum, or rock-oil, and gives a most interesting account of the American oil-wells. The oil which flowed from oil-springs was merely collected by skimming it from the surface of water on which it floated till 1858, when a well was sunk in Pennsylvania, and at once began to yield 400, and afterward 1000 gallons a day. Great excitement ensued, and a search for oil began throughout the whole district. Many of the experiments were unsuccessful, but when oil was struck the fortunate adventurer was suddenly enriched. Some of the wells yield oil without the trouble of pumping; it flows from them in a copious stream. Some wells yield 2000 barrels, and one even 3000 barrels daily. Towns have sprung up in the oil-district of Pennsylvania; and in Oil City business is now transacted to the amount of £3,000,000 annually. Other parts of America have also been found to be rich in oil. It would be out of place here to do more than merely allude to the oil-wells of Canada; but there are oil-fields in several parts of Pennsylvania, in Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia, while it is said that indications of oil have been found in many other States.

Our limits do not permit us to follow Sir S. M. Peto in his account of American commerce—the foreign trade, the coasting trade, and the internal trade on the lakes and rivers—to which he devotes a section of his work. One fact claims particular attention, that no less than one-half of the export trade of the United States is to Great Britain; next to this is the export trade to France; but the third largest export trade is to the British provinces in North America, while the exports to other British possessions are very considerable. From this may be seen the vast importance to both nations of constantly maintaining friendly relations.

Sir S. M. Peto devotes another section of his work to railways. The rivers of the country, great and numerous as they are, are utterly insufficient for the purposes of its internal commerce. The railway system of America is great and rapidly extending; but most of the railways are as yet mere single lines, and their construction is so imperfect that the rate of traveling is far less rapid than in Britain. Sir S. M. Peto enters very fully into the whole subject. He visited America, indeed, in the capacity of chairman of the London Board of Control of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, and his suggestions on the construction and management of railways will scarcely be received by the Americans as those of a stranger, but with the respect due to one whose interests are identified with their own, and whose experience gives value to his counsel.

The South is treated in a section by itself. Differing from the North in its climate and in its productions, it differs still more in consequence of slavery, now happily abolished, but so recently that the results of the great change have scarcely begun to appear. There are, as yet, few lines of railway between the North and the South. The Southern planters, in the times now past, did not wish to have them, for they were afraid of the use which might be made of them to carry away their slaves, and of the influence of much communication with the North. The Southern States have for a long time been nearly stationary in population. Immigrants did not flock to them, for the white man laboring with his own hands was despised both by the slaveholders and by the slaves. All this must now be changed. There is much land in the Southern States which invites settlers. Even in Virginia the "improved land" amounts only to 11,437,821 acres, while 19,679,215 acres are "unimproved;" whereas in New York the improved land is more than double the extent of the unimproved. Much of the uncultivated land in the South is adapted for the cultivation of cotton and other strictly southern products, but much of it also is well suited to wheat. Of the products of the South, the most important—besides cotton, rice, Indian corn, and tobacco—is sugar. The cultivation of the sugar-cane is limited to the most southern regions, and has of late decreased; but the sorghum or sugar-grass recently introduced from China is admirably adapted to the climate, not only of the South, but indeed of almost all parts of the United States, and its cultivation has rapidly extended, especially in the Northwestern States.

Sir S. M. Peto's work is so full of information that what we have been able to extract is but a little portion of it. The spirit in which it is written is also excellent. It is the work of an Englishman who loves his own country and her institutions, but who regards America and Americans with the most kindly feeling. It is calculated to dissipate prejudice, and to promote good feeling on both sides of the Atlantic.

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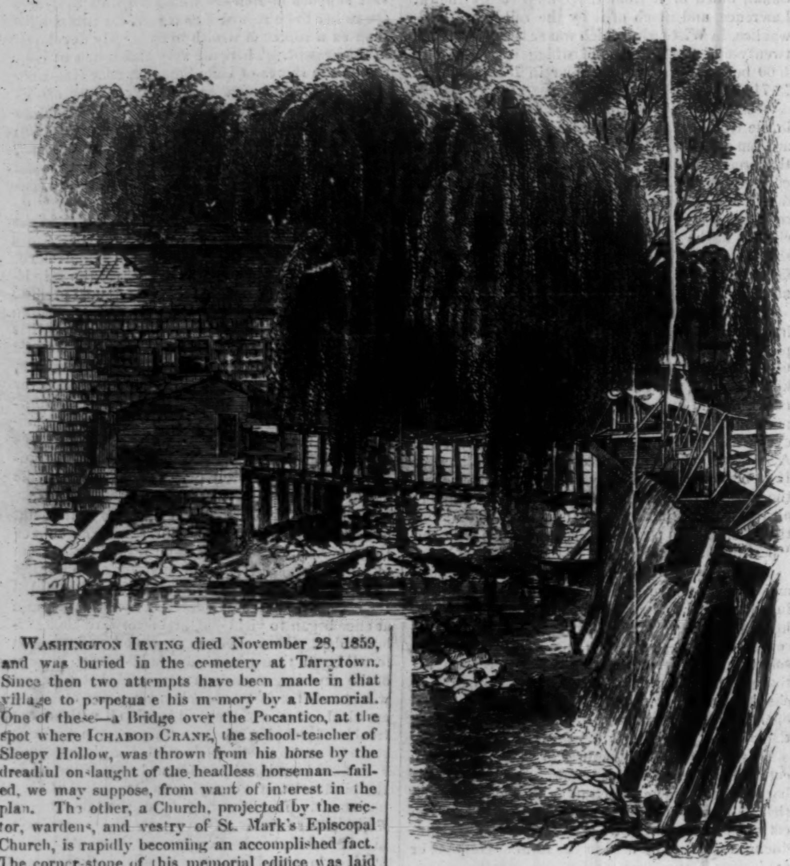
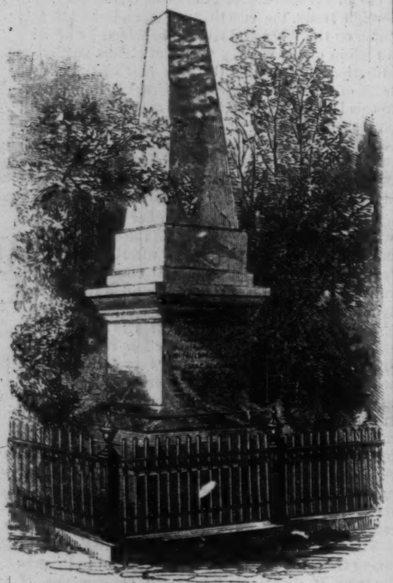
* There is a wide error in this statement. From 1790 to 1810—a period of twenty years—the increase in population was over 36 per cent. This would double the population every twenty-three years. During this twenty years there were less than 200,000 persons who had immigrated. Now, if we suppose the case of no increase from immigration, it would not be unreasonable to assume the population would go on in such a country as this to double once in twenty-five years. By this estimate, the population in 1790 being 3,000,000, would in 1815 have been 6,000,000 (below the mark); in 1840 it would have been 12,000,000; and in 1865 there would have been living 24,000,000 of persons descended from the original population of 1790. The native population of 1860 must have been at least 21,000,000. The actual population in 1860 was 31,000,000, of which there would have been 10,000,000 (instead of Sir S. M. Peto's 21,000,000) to be accounted for as immigrants and their descendants.—ED. HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH TO WASHINGTON IRVING AT TARRYTOWN, ON THE HUDSON, AND CLASSIC VIEWS IN THE VICINITY.



THE OLD MILL.

Washington Irving died November 28, 1859, and was buried in the cemetery at Tarrytown. Since then two attempts have been made in that village to perpetuate his memory by a Memorial. One of these—a Bridge over the Pocantico, at the spot where **Ichabod Crane**, the school-teacher of Sleepy Hollow, was thrown from his horse by the dreadful onslaught of the headless horseman—failed, we may suppose, from want of interest in the plan. The other, a Church, projected by the rector, wardens, and vestry of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact. The corner-stone of this memorial edifice was laid July 5, by Bishop **Potter**. The site is well chosen, being on the principal street of Tarrytown, a few feet from the spot where Major **Andre** was captured, and **Ichabod** first saw the spectre. The building is of the style of architecture known as Middle Pointed, and will consist of nave, chancel, and side-aisles, with incisive tower at the east end, adjoining chancel. The interior dimensions will be—of nave, seventy-eight feet; chancel, nineteen feet six inches. The entire width will be fifty feet. There will be a clear-story lighted by triangular arched windows, traced. The tower will terminate with bold gables, and at southeast angle will be further supported with an octagonal stair turret, which in its turn will be carried up above the main tower, and will be finished with tall spirelet. Eventually, a marble statue of **Irving** will be placed in the vestibule. The edifice will seat about five hundred persons. Messrs. **Renwick** and **Sands** are the architects.



THE SPOT WHERE ANDRE WAS CAPTURED.

Near by is the monument which marks the spot where **Andre** was captured. It is of simple design, and on the east side bears the following inscription:

ON THIS SPOT
The 23d day of September, 1780, the Spy,
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Adjutant-General of the British Army, was captured by
JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART,
All natives of this county.
HISTORY HAS TOLD THE REST.

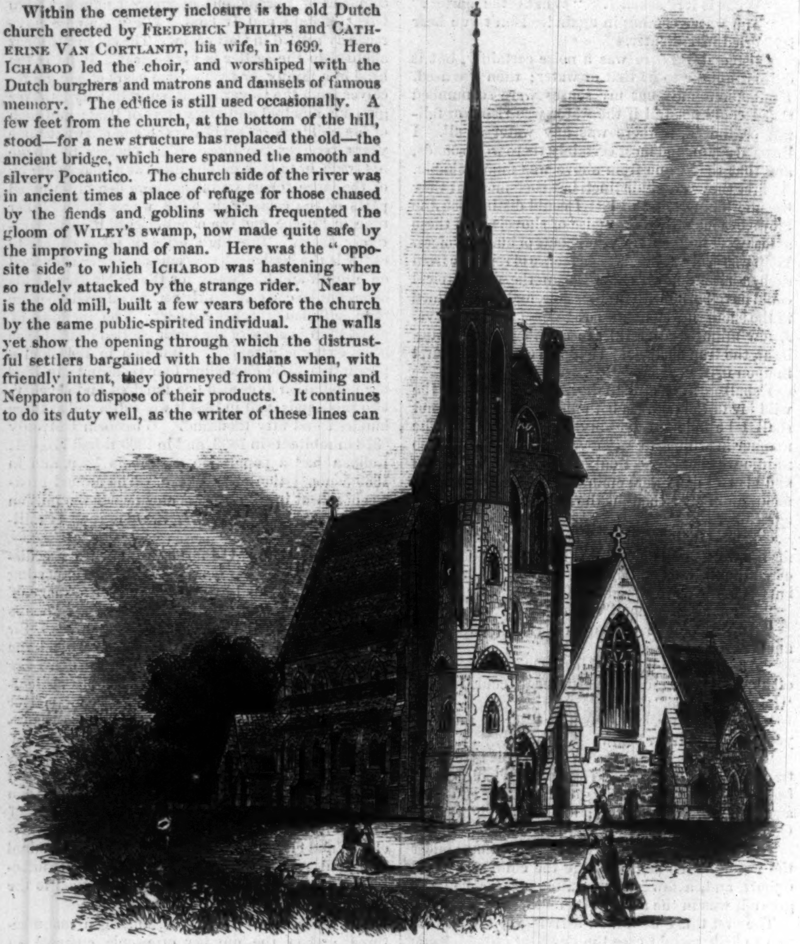
The People of Westchester County have erected this Monument, as well to commemorate a great Event, as to testify their high estimation of that Integrity and Patriotism which, rejecting every temptation, rescued the United States from most Imminent peril, by baffling the arts of a Spy and the plots of a Traitor.

Dedicated October 7, 1853.

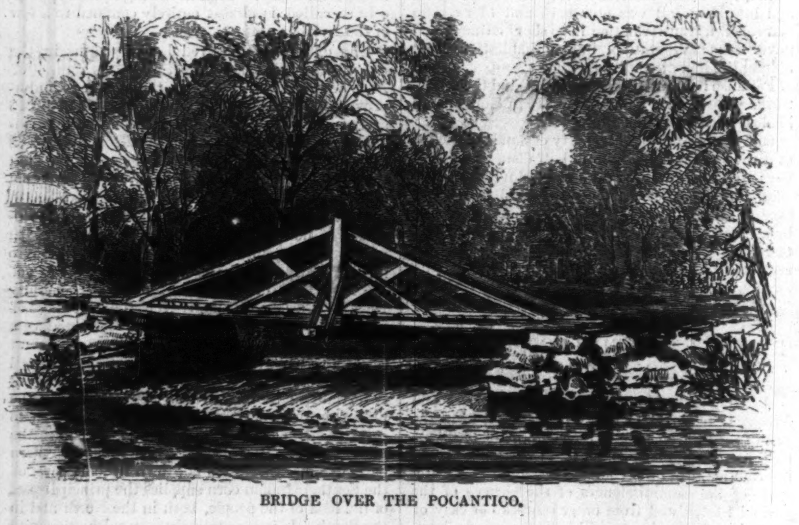
In the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, a little to the north, is the burial-place of the **Irving** family. Within the inclosure, ranged in two lines, are the different graves. Each has a plain head-stone of white marble, on which are inscribed the name and age at death of the occupant. As will be seen, the grave of **Geoffrey Crayon** does not differ from the rest of his family. The inscription simply tells that

WASHINGTON,
SON OF WILLIAM AND SARAH S. IRVING,
DIED
NOV. 28, 1859,
AGED 76 YEARS 7 MO. AND 25 DAYS.

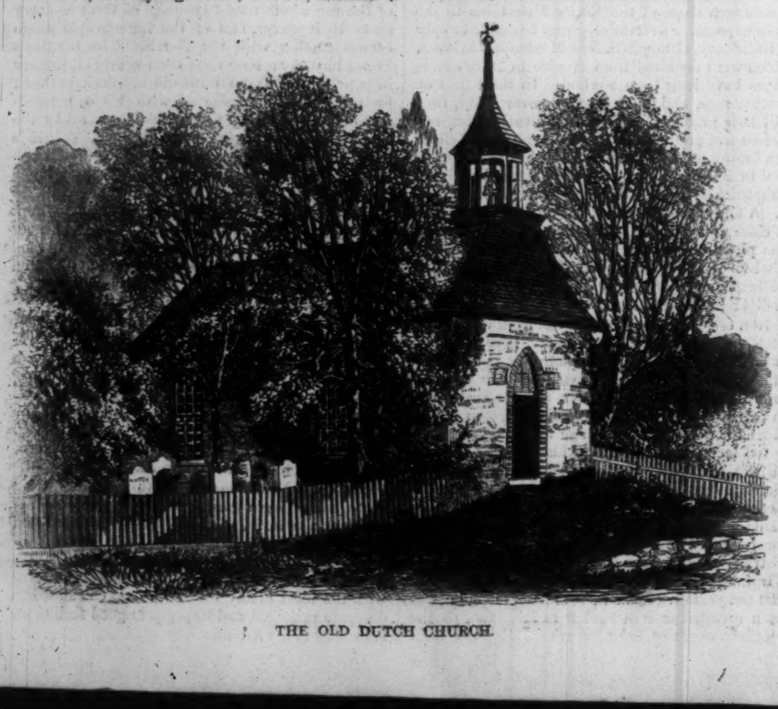
Within the cemetery inclosure is the old Dutch church erected by **Frederick Philips** and **Catherine Van Cortlandt**, his wife, in 1699. Here **Ichabod** led the choir, and worshiped with the Dutch burghers and matrons and damsels of famous memory. The edifice is still used occasionally. A few feet from the church, at the bottom of the hill, stood—for a new structure has replaced the old—the ancient bridge, which here spanned the smooth and silvery Pocantico. The church side of the river was in ancient times a place of refuge for those chased by the fiends and goblins which frequented the gloom of **Wiley**'s swamp, now made quite safe by the improving hand of man. Here was the "opposite side" to which **Ichabod** was hastening when so rudely attacked by the strange rider. Near by is the old mill, built a few years before the church by the same public-spirited individual. The walls yet show the opening through which the distrustful settlers bargained with the Indians when, with friendly intent, they journeyed from Ossiming and Nepparon to dispose of their products. It continues to do its duty well, as the writer of these lines can testify. The photographs from which these sketches were made were taken by G. G. **Rockwood**, 839 Broadway, New York.



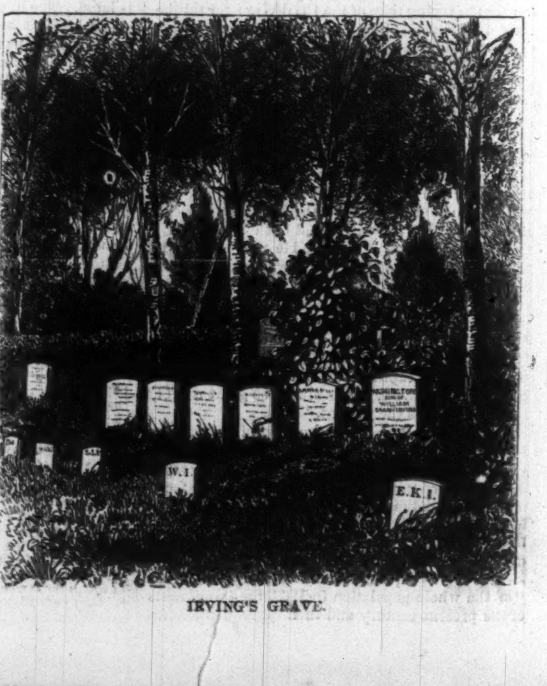
THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.



BRIDGE OVER THE POCANTICO.



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.



IRVING'S GRAVE.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

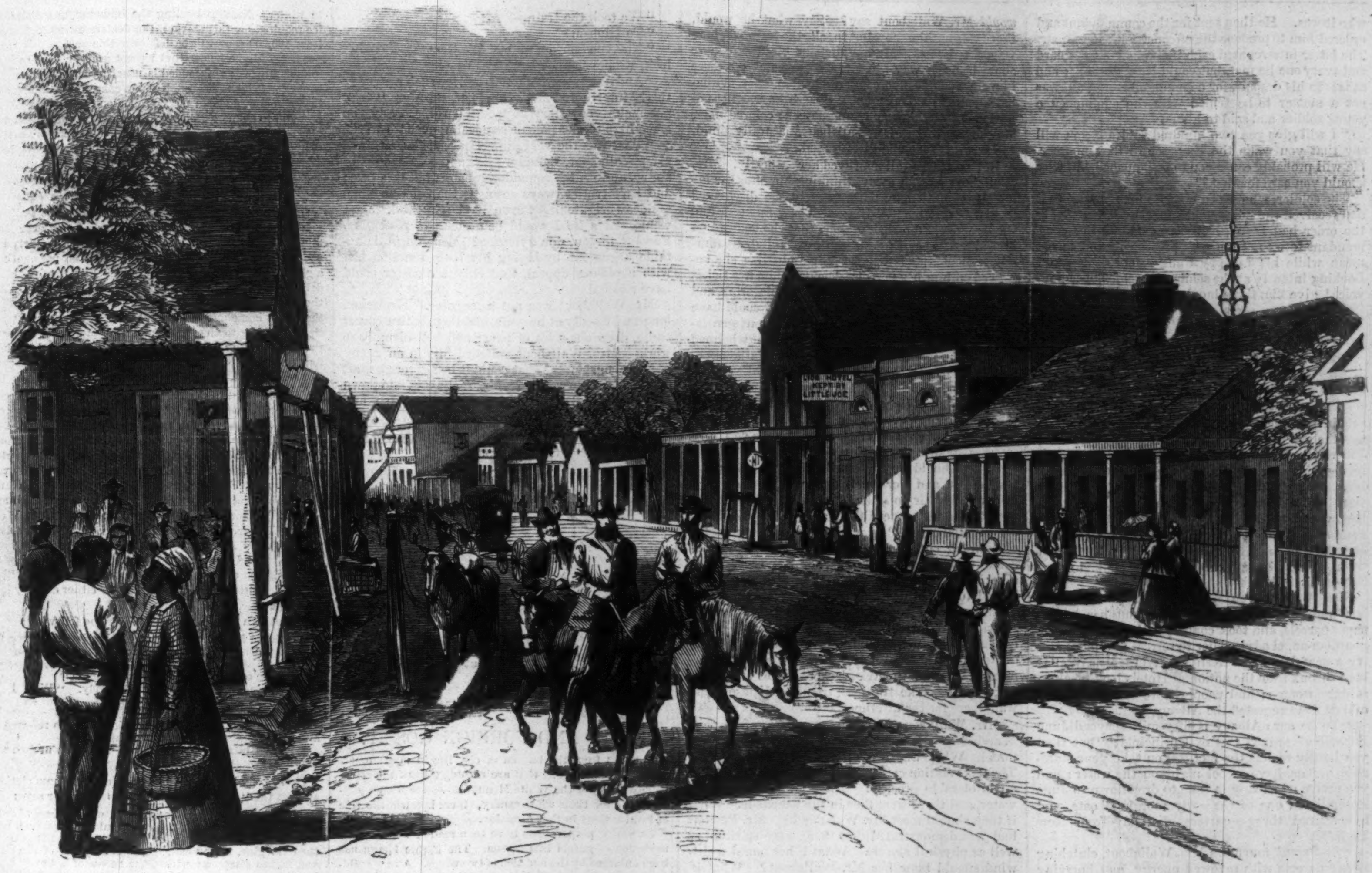
NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA,

Is considered the head of the Teche navigation, although boats can get up while high-water lasts to Martinsville, and in times of flood the navigation of the lakes and bayous is almost unlimited. New Iberia is a brisk little town, now stagnating under the prevailing dullness of business all through the South. The majority of its inhabitants appear to be French, and with the manners of New Orleans. Stores and drinking-houses are thrown wide open on Sunday, and there is card playing and billiards all day. The churches, also, are open for the convenience of such as choose to go—principally of the female population, or young men who go for the sake of the company of their sweet-hearts. This is a point at which a good portion of the cattle herds driven from Texas arrive. The herders and drovers—rough-looking fellows—are often seen riding about the streets. There are no prominent buildings of any account, the county buildings being at Martinsville. It has the characteristic features of many of the little towns in West Louisiana, and for that matter might be a little bit of Yorkville or Manhattanville but for the different appearance and language of the inhabitants.

RECEIVING RATIONS.

When this sketch was made in June last, more than 20,000 of the people of Alabama—whites—were receiving Government rations; and it is believed that 10,000 more were probably sharers in the supplies thus drawn.

The much-abused Freedmen's Bureau has succeeded in persuading the negroes to go to work; so that they no longer look to the Government for



NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 508.]

support, except in the matter of obliging their employers to give them their just dues, not always paid with grace. With the whites the case is different; the curse of laziness, which the presence of slavery inflicted upon them, is hard to overcome: ignorant as the negroes—and even falling behind them, now that the latter are seeking education—they are almost entirely without ambition beyond the simplest wants of nature. They are, however, generally engaged in cultivating land to a limited extent, and the crops secured, the Government will withdraw its support and leave them to their own resources. Much of the money expended by the Bureau has gone to the support of the poor white people of the South, the greatest sufferers by, and victims of the war. That numbers of them must have starved to death without such assistance is undeniable; your bitter Southerner and Union-hater never thinks of this, or else chooses to ignore it, when engaged in the favorite occupation of denouncing the Freedmen's Bureau.

The picture represents claimants for relief pleading their cases, and receiving orders on the Commissary from Major Pierce—an officer, who is one of many that I have met, sacrificing their personal comfort and desire to be at home to a sense of duty; and, of all trying positions, it is hard to imagine any thing worse than that of a Bureau officer, stationed away from troops, among a covertly hostile population.

A. R. W.

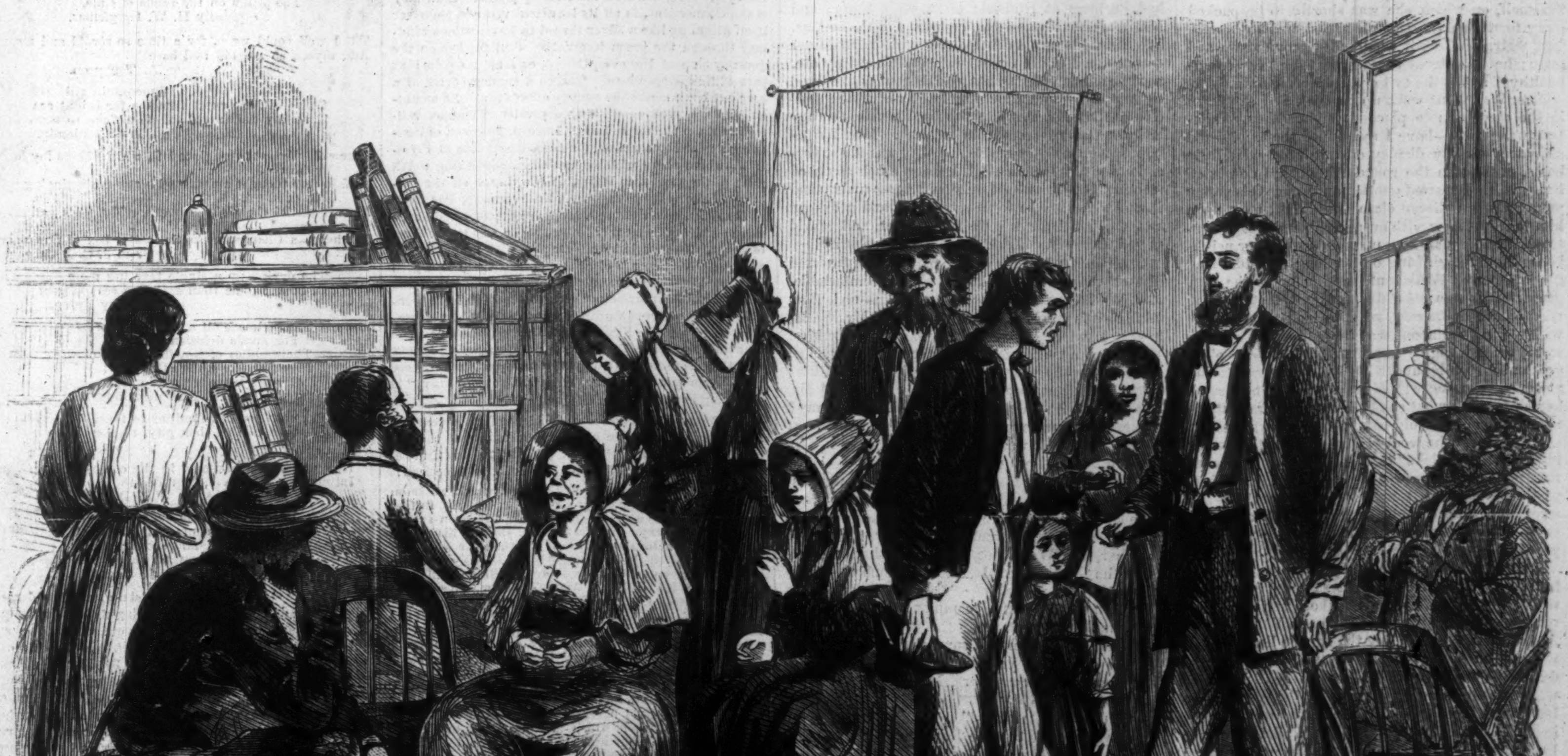
DOUBLY PAID.

One very warm summer day the Emperor Paul fell asleep in his arm-chair after dinner near an open window, which commanded a view of the garden at Katschina; while some of the court ladies were whispering together in an adjoining apartment. A daring young officer, who was a great favorite with the latter, perceiving them as he passed their window, was about to commence a conversation with them, but they signed to him to beware of disturbing his sleeping Majesty.

"Do not betray me," whispered he, "and I will have some sport!"

He looked cautiously around, and seeing that he was not observed, crept softly to the window of the next room and called out in Stentor tones the drawling watch-word of the guard: "Fluschai!" then darted instantly into the bushes and escaped unperceived.

The Emperor started up from his nap in a terrible rage at such an impudent jest, but could obtain no other answer from the ladies, who naturally desired to shield their friend, than that they did not know



ALABAMIANS RECEIVING RATIONS.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

who it was. He then sent for the commandant and ordered him to produce the offender within an hour. The latter interrogated each individual of the guard and every one he met, but could learn nothing; and at last in his despair, for a command from Paul was not a matter to be trifled with, he summoned a young soldier and said to him,

"I will give you two hundred rubles if you will say that you woke the Emperor in that manner. He will probably cause you to be punished, but why should you care for that?"

The soldier, who was a resolute man, agreed to it and received the money, and exactly an hour after the order had been given accompanied the commandant into the Emperor's presence. But in the mean while his Majesty's anger had died away. Looking intently at the soldier, he said, "A superb voice! give him three hundred rubles!"

Via ALBANY.

JUST as Mrs. Wallabout reached the wharf the boat swung off. While she might have jumped, she had not the ready-made courage; when she had acquired a stock, the distance was hopeless. It was the last boat connecting with the last train for June Roseville, and Mrs. Wallabout looked after it in despair. Mr. Wallabout and the little Wallabouts were at June Roseville expecting her. They would drive down to meet the train, and Mr. Wallabout would be displeased. Mr. Wallabout was a precise person, who disapproved of errant females, and did not believe that people lost boats and trains except through carelessness. He had never lost a train in his life.

Mrs. Wallabout stood on the wharf, holding fast her umbrella, her traveling-bag, and her brown paper parcels, and took counsel with herself. Her guardian-angel advised her to retreat to a hotel and try a new day and a fresh start; but Mrs. Wallabout shrunk from the notion. Hotels look bleak to solitary women; and people stare so! Then her evil genius suggested the Albany boat.

"To be sure Albany is fifty miles beyond June Roseville," argued this evil principle; "but then you hardly realize the fact. You take your state-room. You have a cool night on the water; and you arrive at Albany in time to drop down to June Roseville in one of the early morning boats, and have saved three-quarters of a day from New York."

"So I can," murmurs Mrs. Wallabout, clutching at her parcels with renewed energy, and hurrying off to the *St. John*. Exit guardian-angel in disgust! and, by-the-by, is it not astonishing what a snubbed race are these same guardian-angels, and how attentive we are sure to prove to our evil genius, however absurd! The very first step brought this unprincipled principle out in the lie! He had said to Mrs. Wallabout, "You will take state-rooms." There were no state-rooms to be taken. Mrs. Wallabout offered five, seven, ten dollars! Twenty would not buy one.

"You can have a berth, ma'am," said the stewardess, severely, evidently feeling that Mrs. Wallabout did not appreciate her blessings. "There will be plenty of folks that would be thankful for as much as that!" and though Mrs. Wallabout even then could have gone back, she quailed before the fat Fate in the turban and meekly laid her bundles on the shelf, on which she was shortly to be packed away for the night, though she sighed to herself that "Mr. Wallabout would disapprove more and more; he considered these crowded cabins so unhealthy!" so did the evil genius predominate.

Mrs. Wallabout went up on deck and sat down in the most remote place possible. Mrs. Wallabout was pretty—have I mentioned the fact?—and all unconsciously displayed a pair of trim little boots, resting on the round of a chair in front of her. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing this pretty young woman disconsolate by herself, took upon him to furnish her with an agreeable object of contemplation by marching up and down in her neighborhood, and bestowing on her long and admiring glances. Mrs. Wallabout, waking up to the fact, grew rapidly uncomfortable, looked the other way, tried to feel indifferent, tried to look unconscious, wished Mr. Wallabout was there, and was sure he would think it highly improper. More benevolent gentlemen peeping under her hat-brim and staring at her perseveringly! Mrs. Wallabout tormented herself to think what she had done to attract attention! wished she could box their ears—was sure if she was a man she would leave unprotected women in peace! remembered that Mr. Wallabout believed that no woman was ever annoyed by *undesired* attention; was sure it was very disagreeable! and went down to the cabin, oppressed with a general sense of guiltiness, and of Mr. Wallabout's disapprobation.

In the cabin—but prudence forbid that I should hint at what Mrs. Wallabout saw and heard that night, when frantic women without berth or state-room strewed the floor like leaves in Vallambrosa! At the earliest hint of day the hapless little woman was out on deck again, but was almost instantly driven below by more benevolent gentlemen, for whom she was now painfully on the alert. The boat was late; also Mrs. Wallabout's bag was missing. Think of that, when Mr. Wallabout never lost any thing! The implacable stewardess had no consolation for her. "Can't answer for any thing, ma'am, that is left in the berths." Mrs. Wallabout tried the deck once more. They were very late, and her impatient little heart was fit to jump out of her bosom. She went over and over what she should do: how she would spring to the wharf the moment—no, the instant—that the boat touched; how she would run for life and the June Roseville boat; what streets she should take; what short cuts she could make. She had her shawl and her bundles on one arm, her ticket in her glove, and her umbrella ready for the start, and was quite worn out, dear little woman! with so much rapid mental exertion, when the *St. John* came in at her pier, just about an hour too late for the June Roseville boat. Mrs. Wallabout could have cried. What *would* Mr. Wallabout say? Say what he would, there was nothing now but to take the train. Where was the dépôt? Mrs. Wallabout hired a man to show her the way—just ten steps—and she gave him fifty cents—five cents a step; and Mr. Wallabout disliked extravagance, though he was not penurious; but this was a magnificent colored man, and he overawed Mrs. Wallabout, naturally timid, and now nervous and discouraged.

In the dépôt a tall man eyed her earnestly. Mrs. Wallabout shrank away, thinking him another benevolent gentleman, but presently she discovered in him Mr. Pawlett. She knew Mr. Pawlett, and she was so tired of being alone that she beamed on him almost as if he had been Mr. Wallabout himself. She handed him over her umbrella; she bestowed on him her parcels; she gave him her ticket in charge; she hung her shawl on his arm; and then she felt herself a free woman, and could have snapped her fingers at a host of benevolent gentlemen. For Pawlett, whether he was overwhelmed with the bundles, or dazzled by Mrs. Wallabout—who came out all the brighter for her night's eclipse—or was simply careless, I am unable to state; the result was the same. They seated themselves in the car; they sat there ten minutes at the least; they looked about them; they could have corrected their mistake a dozen times. It is inconceivable that they should have taken the Harlem train; but they did it, and were well under way before they discovered their mistake. With some hesitation Mr. Pawlett announced the fact to Mrs. Wallabout. Mrs. Wallabout made a wild movement, expressive of jumping out of the car window. She also debated within herself whether or not to cry, and give Mr. Pawlett a piece of her mind, but concluded to do nothing as the safest course in a new situation, and leaned back in her seat with a despairing "What will Mr. Wallabout say?" Pawlett laughed, but was evidently nervous. The conductor, very sympathizing except about the corners of the mouth, advised them to get out at the next station, take the first train for Hudson, and wait there for the afternoon train.

Mrs. Wallabout heard in the silence of despair. Wandering all over the country with a strange man! What was loss of train and bag to this? The next station consisted of a dispirited dépôt and an intolerable grocery. There was no ice in the water, and there were flies in the lemonade. What if they should meet Mr. Wallabout? Mr. Pawlett had just demonstrated that there were spiritual as well as physical storms. What if her moral whirlwind should blow her Mr. Wallabout? What if he should come on them from around the corner? There was no consolation in a parasol. Mr. Wallabout would know the very swing of her dress-skirt. There would be less chance of a meeting if they sat quietly in the dépôt; but then was not that like a tête-à-tête? Suppose he should be in the Hudson train? And Mrs. Wallabout nervously surveyed Mr. Pawlett. There was no slurring over the dreadful fact. Mr. Pawlett was a good-looking—yes, a fine-looking man. He was a man with whom a lady might run away; and Mr. Wallabout was so strict in his notions of propriety. She wished the unconscious Pawlett, trying in a gentlemanly way to make the situation tolerable, a hump and a squint—for that time only, and by particular request, of course.

Arrived at Hudson, worse yet. Mr. Wallabout had business at Hudson; often went there; and Mr. Wallabout was—yes, he was a little jealous. She heard his step a dozen times or more at dinner—that dreadful dinner, of which she scarcely ate, to the affliction of Pawlett. She would have liked to run away and hide her head under the bedclothes, but Mr. Pawlett proposed music, as they had the drawing-room to themselves. Mrs. Wallabout sat down in a tremble. Why, was it not possible to say, "Mr. Pawlett, I am *so* much afraid of meeting Mr. Wallabout, who will *never* understand it, and I *should* like to be *very* quiet, and get down to the dépôt through some back street, and get rid of you, *dear* Mr. Pawlett, as fast as possible?"

Mr. Pawlett leaned over the piano. He flattered himself that he was making the lady comfortable. Mrs. Wallabout commenced, and then—oh! Mrs. Wallabout's prophetic heart! in walked Mr. Wallabout. Pawlett reddened to the temples. For Mrs. Wallabout a tingling, pricking sensation attacked her. Then she burst out in a cold perspiration; then she flushed up in a hot glow. What did Mr. Pawlett say? What did Mr. Wallabout say? She could never have told you; but she knew what she said, and that was,

"I was afraid you would come."

There is no record left of Pawlett; but how pleasantly this clever and *apropos* speech must have sounded in his ears. Poor Pawlett! and poor Mrs. Wallabout, when husband and wife were at last left together, Mr. Wallabout preserving that stern silence that demands explanation so much more significantly than words.

"I am so very sorry," commenced the little woman, imploringly.

"That you met me? I suppose so."

"Now, Charles, you know—"

"How did you come here, Mrs. Wallabout?"

"I went to Albany."

"You went to Albany!"

"I was coming to June Roseville."

"And went fifty miles out of your route?"

"But, my dear, I lost the train, and the boat was late—"

"What boat?"

"The Albany boat. It was the last train—"

"The Albany boat was the last train? I should think it was—the last you should have taken."

"But, Charles, I lost the last train to June Roseville, and I disliked to spend the night in New York, and I thought I could come down from Albany in the early morning, and the *St. John* was late; and I—we—I met Mr. Pawlett—"

"I saw that you did."

"Well, if you won't hear me?"

"Am I not listening with all possible attention to hear what you and Mr. Pawlett were doing in Hudson?"

"We took the train—"

"To Hudson?"

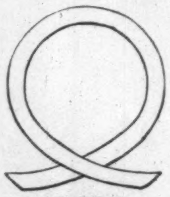
"No—the Harlem train. We thought, we didn't look, we never knew—"

"And do you expect me to believe such a story as this?" interrupted Mr. Wallabout, sternly. "Why not make your story at least plausible. Say you came here to meet me or something of that sort?"

"That was the very thing I dreaded," returned Mrs. Wallabout, naïvely. I knew you would be angry, and it does sound improbable, but it is true; and isn't truth always stranger than fiction? and besides (brightening), even if you do think that I would tell a lie I would be a goose to prefer Mr. Pawlett to you, don't you see?" clenching this notable argument by laying her little hand in his, with a piteous appeal, that only a monster could have resisted.

Mr. Wallabout was not a monster. He looked long and fixedly at his wife, and then, with a covert smile, drew out a bit of paper and fell solemnly to work. Mrs. Wallabout watched him in an agony of apprehension. What could it be? a rough draft of articles of separation? Mr. Wallabout laid down his pencil, surveyed it critically, held it up; and this was what Mrs. Wallabout saw:

PLAN OF MRS. WALLABOUT'S JOURNEY TO JUNE ROSEVILLE, *via* ALBANY.



A Bow Knot.

And that was Mr. Wallabout's revenge. Sensible Wallabout!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FLEEING from the burden of city life in midsummer, many join the throng that are rushing toward the snow-capped peaks of the White Mountains—some with a genuine love for their wild scenery, others because the tide of fashion flows in that direction.

Extensive preparations have been made for the accommodation of guests this season. The Profile House has been enlarged by the addition of two wings. A new building has been erected adjacent to the Glen House, larger even than the original building, and connecting with it by a covered passage. The Waumbek House, on Jefferson Hill, has been doubled in size; and several other hotels in the vicinity have been materially enlarged and improved.

But travelers, rushing through on wings of steam, eager to reach their ultimatum of interest, whether that be the Tip Top House, Franconia Notch, The Flume, The Old Man of the Mountain, or his "Wash-bowl," seldom give time or thought to the beauties of nature through which they fly. The usual route from New York takes in some of the most charming scenery in the world, all along the valley of the Connecticut River. If the tourist can spare a day at Springfield, a drive of an hour or so will bring him to the foot of Mount Holyoke, the ascent of which is by no means difficult. Indeed there is a carriage-path most of the way up. From the summit of this mountain the eye is delighted by a most lovely picture—the valley of the Connecticut, in all its luxuriant verdure, the river itself gleaming like a silver thread in its circuitous windings through the green intervales. Still further on the journey stop at Hanover, Orford, or some town in that part of New Hampshire. Thence a carriage drive of a couple of hours across the country affords romantic mountain views, as well as brings the traveler to another railroad route to the White Hills. Instead, however, of hastening forward to them, take a down train, dine at Plymouth—where there will be sure to be something worth eating—then go on to Weirs, a little village on the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee. A little steamer, *The Lady of the Lake*, is in readiness, and an afternoon could not be more agreeably spent than in sailing on this lovely sheet of water. The whole lake is studded with miniature islands, and the water is clear and pure. There is a good hotel at Wolfsborough, on the opposite side, where one can find excellent accommodations. Although Lake Winnipiseogee is on one of the direct routes to the White Mountains, travelers from New York so seldom take that route that they lose this delightful excursion, supposing always that they were not in too great a *hurry* to stop and see what is really worth seeing. *Traveling "in a hurry"* is any thing but enjoyable.

The Portland *Press* gives an incident of the recent fire there which exhibits so much meanness of soul that we are almost ashamed to quote it. We do it in the firm belief that the "creature" spoken of was not an American:

"We hear of a creature in this city, which walks on two legs and wears a coat, and resembles a man. In fact the creature owns a shop and house, and traffics in a small—very small—way. On the night of the fire his neighbors helped him to save his property, while the whole opposite side of the street burned down. His clerk, who lived directly opposite, labored indefatigably for his employer while his father's house and his own effects were going to ashes. Until 4 o'clock in the morning they kept the shop wet, and by unremitting efforts saved it and the house in the rear of it. After working all night in an atmosphere of flame and cinders men are sometimes thirsty. These men were thirsty, and inquired of the creature whose house and shop they had saved if he had any water. 'No.' Any small beer? 'No.' The clerk, who knew better, went down to the ice chest, pulled out several bottles of Hindle's mild beverage, found in the pan a little water, tolerably clean, which had drained from the ice, mingled with it sugar and sliced lemons, and dispensed these cooling drinks to the deserving crowd. Next day this extravagant youth, on returning to his duties, found charged to him on the books of the concern four bottles of beer, one pound of sugar, and four lemons."

Ice is one of the greatest luxuries of a hot day. Although sometimes the demand for it is so great on excessively warm days that it is difficult to obtain it in some parts of the city, this is not owing to any scarcity of the article, but because of the limited facilities of delivering it. It is stated that the quantity of ice required for this market is about 250,000 tons per annum, of which about 25,000 tons are shipped to the Southern cities, the West Indies, and South America; and even Spain and Portugal have been purchasers in this market. To secure this 250,000 tons for delivery in summer, it is necessary to put up in winter at least 500,000 tons, as the wastage is equal to one-half. A great deal is used by meat-packers, who by means of ice are enabled to put down their meat in summer as well as in winter. Notwithstanding the immense quantities of ice required for this market, the dealers estimate that at least 160,000 tons will be left over this season. It may not generally be known that ice not used during the season for which it is intended is usually thrown away. If kept over it is not so good, becomes caked into a solid mass in the houses, and can not be taken out with facility. It is found to be more economical to throw it away, and replace it with the fresh crop. The most extensive ice-houses, among the many from which our city is supplied, are at Rockland Lake, where there are two of these houses, each 350 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 35 feet high. Each is capable of holding 40,000 tons of ice.

One can scarcely help feeling that it was almost a just punishment which recently befell a man living near Mobile, who one night attempted to frighten some girls by wrapping a white cloth around his body and personating a ghost. All ran but one, who pulled out a revolver and deliberately fired six balls into his head and body. At the first shot the ghost fell, but she continued firing. She then went home and related the circumstances, and parties returning to the spot found life completely extinct, two balls having penetrated the forehead and the other four the region of the heart. The sympathy of the people favored the girl, and she had not been arrested.

"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents: Adam and Eve, 0; Shakspeare, 18; Ben Jonson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Linnæus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120. If Adam and Eve married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.

A Southern paper is responsible for the following:

One day a Mormon woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching an alleged wrong of an officer of the church.

"Let me see, Sister—I forgot your name."

"My name?" was the indignant reply. "Why, I am your wife!"

"When did I marry you?"

The woman informed the "President," who referred to an account book in his desk, and then said:

"Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

Every body is launching out in terrible denunciations against the "falsities" of woman. One writer says:

"Imagine courting a lovely Hebe, with a mass of golden curls covering her neck and shoulders, and with long lashes veiling her eyes, like a beautiful silk fringe; and then imagine, if you can, seeing one by one of the curls and lashes disappear within the recess of a board card-box."

On the same subject the *Mississippi Exchange*, after inveighing against "false calves," "false eyelashes," "false hair," "plumpers," etc., remarks:

"Young gentlemen need have no fears as regards the ladies of this section—they are all right, and need no artificial fixins; but we do advise them never to marry a Yankee girl without a full investigation."

When you make a quotation be sure always to give your authority. The force and beauty of the original is often greatly increased by so doing. For example:

Let not good or great content ye—
Higher and still higher,
Only for the best, the greatest
Labor and aspire
All the Year Round.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time,
By H. W. Longfellow.

Till I well could weep, for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base
A. Tennyson.

The mountain rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far bright sea
Than my unchanged affection flows to thee,
Park Benjamin.

Farewell! I've yet one solace left, which cheers my lonely hearth,
And in that thought a thousand hopes are springing into birth;
How beautiful the vision comes, amidst life's gathering cares,
In shape—a Champagne bottle, and a box of fine cigars
From J. C. M'Cabe.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore
By Byron.

The girls are all a fleeting show
For man's delusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's not one true in seven
Exchange Papers.

But seen too oft, familiar to the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace
A. Pope.

How guilt, once harbored in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great
Dr. Johnson.

But my thread is oh, so fine!
Smallest moments form the line,
And I weave 'mid anxious fears,
For I dread the fatal shears
From Harper's Magazine.

A wealthy old gentleman in Pittsburg, who had denied his young and beautiful bride nothing that the most extravagant taste could suggest, awoke one morning a short time ago to find himself deserted. The fickle fair one had flown, and had left behind a few little bills, amounting to the trifle of $3000, and a note stating that she would come back if her husband would settle on her the sum of $20,000. She had taken the precaution to carry off her diamonds, and all her costly robes, together with a large sum of money which had been given her for her own use.

Fortune is as fickle as fashion. A certain Mrs. Walker, of Hartford, an Englishwoman by birth, who has hitherto been in "moderate circumstances," has recently become the heiress of a large property, valued at $35,000,000. She, with her husband and children, are about starting for England to receive the "golden egg." It is said she will return and make Hartford her permanent residence. When in full possession of her property, Mrs. Walker will probably be the richest woman in the United States.

A German professor of great learning, and patient in investigation, gives us some information, which he assures us is highly important for us to know. He asserts that an atom of atmospheric air is just 3989 hundred-thousand millionths of an inch in thickness, and that it weighs 15 ten-thousandths of a grain. And to think that for every cubic foot of air we breathe we inhale 216,000,000,000,000,000,000 of these atoms.

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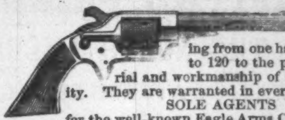

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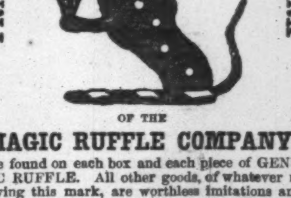

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